Volume LXXXVII No. 9 December 1, 1967 30 cents

commonweal

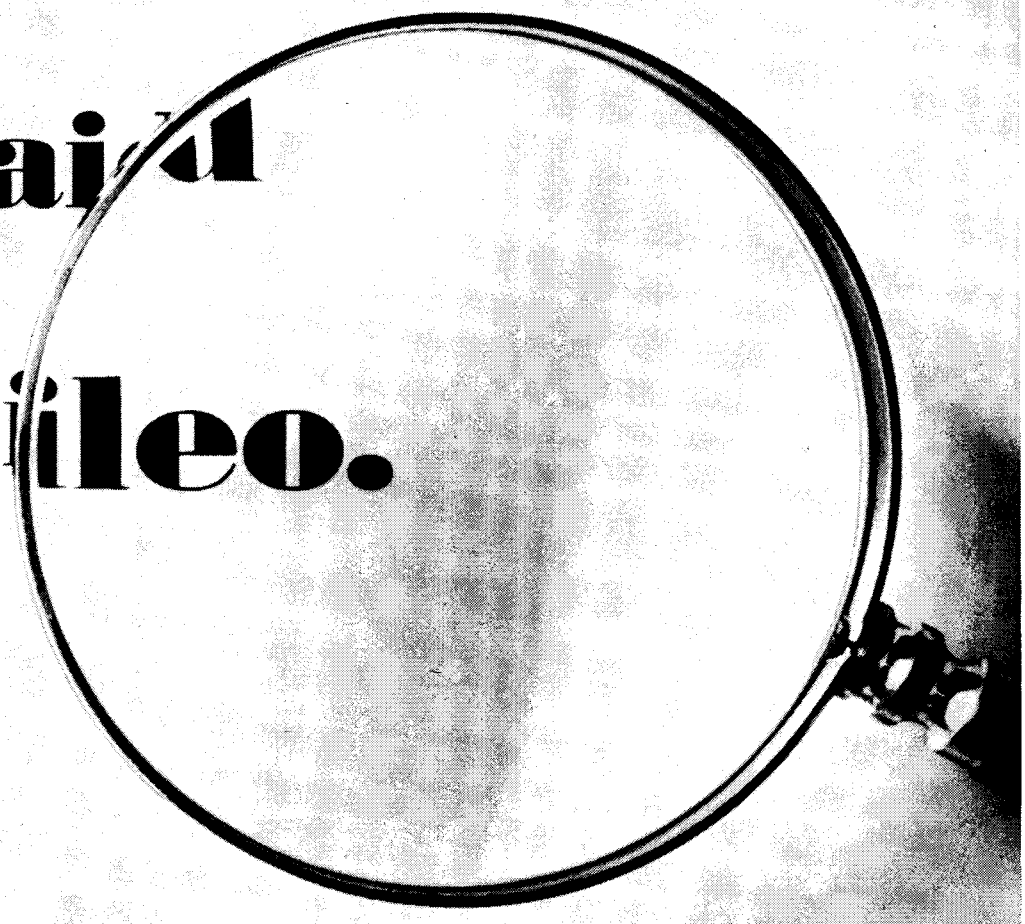
St. Charles Seminary Library
Carthagena Station
Celina, Ohio
11-28-67

PETER STEINFELS *on Christian Democracy's last gasps* ***STEVEN V. ROBERTS*** *the off-year elections* ***DOUGLAS IRELAND*** *on Labor's dissent* ***RICHARD L. RUBENSTEIN*** *on Jewish feelings over Israel* ***MARTHA GELLHORN*** *on the Gaza Strip* ***FRANK GETLEIN*** *on Elias Friedensohn* ***JOHN SIMON*** *on Lillian Hellman* ***PHILIP T. HARTUNG*** *on movie violence . . . . Book lists by* ***SAUL MALOFF, DENNIS HALE, ANNE FREMANTLE, ALICE MAYHEW*** *and sundry others*

ST CHARLES SEM LIBRARY
CARTHAGENA STATION
CELINA OH 45822
A-5505 12-68

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

We're not afraid of Galileo.



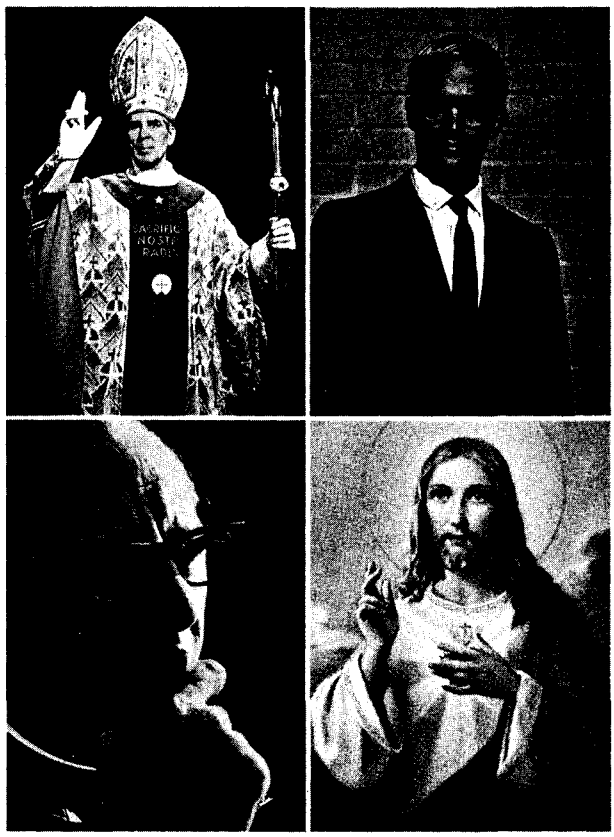
Our congregation, which wasn't founded till 1849, never looks back. We're concerned with the intellectual challenges of today and tomorrow. That's why so many of our young priests are taking advanced degrees, preparing themselves for Newman work at secular universities or for journalism and publishing.
With only 6,000 members throughout the world, we're small and flexible enough to move with the times. Would you like to move with us?
Talk it over with our vocations director, Father Lawrence Hoge. Phone him collect at (312) 236-7782 today.

The Claretians

221 W. Madison St., Chicago, Ill. 60606

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

[Left Wing Catholics]



Pagan Babies No Longer For Sale

What the hell is happening in the Catholic Church?

As a matter of fact, whatever happened to pagan babies? "Not too long ago, while the rest of American school children were buying war bonds, Catholic kids were saving their dimes to 'ransom' little yellow 'pagan babies.' Stamps for boys cost five dollars, girls cost three, and we even got to give them a Christian name with the assurance that they would be properly baptized. For a special bargain rate of ten dollars we could get a boy and *two* girls."

Considering that this is but one of many intellectual and spiritual abominations in the Catholic parochial curriculum, it is small wonder that there is a revolution going on in the Church.

The report on "Left Wing Catholics" by Warren Hinckle in the November issue of RAMPARTS (now on newsstands) chronicles the emerging Catholic left; from Fr. James Groppi *(lower left)* exhibiting "The righteous anger of Jesus Himself over the racism of his fellow white Catholics," to the incredible and totally unexpected announcement by Bishop Fulton J. Sheen *(top left)*, that he "wanted the U. S. to get out of Vietnam. Now."

Fr. Hafner's underground masses with vintage wine, Fr. DuBay's *(top right)* suit against Cardinal McIntyre for bigotry and malfeasance, the moral activism of poet/priest Fr. Dan Berrigan; all this and much more is covered through extensive interviews and analysis in RAMPARTS' 10,000 word report on the revolution has to be the "best thing to happen to the Catholic Church since Jesus Christ" *(lower right)*.

ALSO IN NOVEMBER: Robert Scheer, the First American reporter allowed into Egypt since the Mid-East crisis, presents a unique analysis of the provocations for the war and the prospects for peace; a book length section from one of the most powerful novels of the year by a remarkable black author, John A. Williams; and Nat Hentoff on the Beatles, Ken Kesey's jail notebook, an interview with the N.L.F., and a symposium on "Chicago's Black Caucus."

If you have ever thought of subscribing to RAMPARTS, now is the time. All cash orders will receive the November issue as a bonus. Subscribe now; this issue is not to be missed.

RAMPARTS *Circulation Department* 5520
1255 Portland Place
Boulder, Colorado 80302

GENTLEMEN: I should very much like to find out what the hell is happening in the Catholic Church. Please sign me up at your introductory rates for:

☐ Six months for $3.87, or ☐ One year for $6.00.
☐ Check enclosed,* or ☐ Bill me.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____STATE_____SILLY ZIP_____

**I understand that if I send cash I get an extra issue free.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEWS AND VIEWS

What, precisely, is the nature of South Vietnam's Popular Forces, the militia group which is the beneficiary of U.S. Catholic Relief Services' controversial food-in-lieu-of-pay aid program?

Bishop Edward Swanstrom, CRS executive director, has described the Popular Forces thus: "Many of them are village elders; many are soldiers who were wounded in action and can no longer take their place in the regular army of South Vietnam. Their families are as much, or even more, in need of supplemental foods as any others in all Vietnam."

Father Fabian Flynn, CRS public relations official, has said: "The Popular Forces are no more military than the armed Jewish vigilantes who daily patrol the streets and alleys of the Brownsville section of Brooklyn. Mostly they are village elders and others not fit to be called-up for military service who, when an alarm sounds, drop whatever work they are doing, pick up a gun and defend their homes, their patch of ground, their loved ones and their own lives against the marauding Viet Cong."

Michael Novak, on the other hand, returned from Vietnam with no romantic "minute man" notions about the Popular Forces. He found the Popular Forces to be formally mobilized on a strongly military basis. He also found its members to be youthful and, to all outward appearances, in excellent physical condition.

Documenting his impressions are photographs—like the one Novak snapped above of members of the Popular Forces of Quang Ngai Province gathered outside a CRS dispensing station to receive 25 percent of their military monthly pay in CRS rations: bulgar wheat, corn meal, flour, beans, powdered milk and cooking oil.

But on the nature of the Popular Forces (or, more accurately, the Self Defense Corps): a document of the Military Assistance Institute of the Defense Department seems to settle the question. *Country Study: The Republic of Viet Nam* (revised and enlarged edition, May 1965, p. 158) states:

"The Self Defense Corps is a national paramilitary force . . . of combatant squads and platoons operating at the village and hamlet level . . . Although Self Defense Corps units normally are employed independently or with Civil Guard units, they may participate in joint operations with regular forces. Originally conceived as a static defense for isolated villages, the Self Defense Corps increasingly are becoming patrol units which range far beyond the village in search of Viet Cong bands."

Which takes care, we'd guess, of folksy analogies to Jewish vigilantes making safe the streets of Brooklyn. The Popular Forces are an integral part of the ARVN, fully as much as are the Regular Army, Navy, Air Force and Civil Guard (Bao An) . . . And still unsettled is the question of a religious relief agency's involvement in helping sustain a branch of the military—our own, South Vietnam's or anyone else's.

•

The quiet restraint with which the Committee of Responsibility (COR) moved the first two groups of war-injured Vietnamese children to hospitals in the U.S. should put to rest Administration uneasiness that COR would use these children to exploit attitudes of their own toward the war.

After long, frustrating months of negotiation to bring Vietnamese children here for treatment that is unavailable in their own country, COR succeeded in early October in getting clearance for three youngsters, who are now at Mount Zion Hospital in San Francisco.

In early November, four more were allowed to come to the U.S. Two were placed at UCLA Medical Center in Los Angeles and two at Beth Israel Hospital, Boston. One, a boy age 13, lost both legs in a blast; another, also 13, lost his right hand, right ear and right eye in a detonator explosion; the others, age 13 and 10, suffer from severe burns.

COR national director Dr. Herbert L. Needleman termed the arrival of the pathetically maimed and burned youngsters "a heartwarming expression of American sympathy and practical concern for innocent victims of the war." He expressed the hope that "these arrivals will stimulate a greater and more rapid movement to our shores of many more Vietnamese youngsters who require medical treatment in the U.S."

The children will return home immediately upon completion of their surgical and medical care, COR declared.

•

The times raise up their own leaders, and they raised up George Hunton as a civil rights pioneer within the Catholic community, when interest in civil rights was so sparse and activists so few that one needed the gentleness and moderation of a George Hunton merely to get a hearing.

The civil rights movement has escalated radically since George Hunton bore his quietly great witness. Today the George Hunton type is pretty much out of things. But, by the same token, the civil rights movement is what it is today only because of effective builders like George Hunton. His memory is permanently enshrined in the Catholic Interracial Council, which he co-founded with the late Father John LaFarge, S.J.

George Hunton died recently at 79. He left many in his debt. JOHN DEEDY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CORRESPONDENCE

Vietnam and the Churches

New York, N.Y.

To the Editors: In his eloquent article "The Church and Vietnam" (Oct. 13), Robert McAfee Brown has engaged Msgr. George Higgins on issues of profound and urgent importance. But I believe that he has clouded rather than clarified those issues.

1. Mr. Brown states that "there is something extraordinarily dangerous" in offering specific political proposals as "Christian answers" to contemporary problems; asks, rhetorically, if we should let a "recognition of this clear fact debar us from talking specifically about specific issues"; and then goes on to say that "it is only when we begin to get specific —at the risk of being wrong—that the gospel begins to have any prophetic bite to it." I confess that I fail to understand what prophetic bite means here, particulary if the teeth are sunk into a wrong answer.

More important, I think Mr. Brown has failed to make clear why he believes that his own spiritual odyssey in relation to Vietnam should be that of the church. As a responsible and conscientious citizen he has accepted the civic and moral obligation to assess the morality of Vietnam and declare his position. It would be well if we had more churchmen as articulate and direct. But how do we discover in the voices of individual churchmen speaking out on Vietnam, the voice of the church? By volume, majority vote, or the discernment of a moral and intellectual élite? And are the dissenters to be regarded as those of little faith? Surely we have all seen enough of such harsh and partial judgments.

Mr. Brown is helped to his own conclusions by the use of two dubious analogies. The comparison with civil rights would be valid only if war and racism were both subject to the same moral judgment. But they are not. Racism is always immoral, but the churches still judge that war can sometimes be an act of justice. It is clear that

(Continued on page 317)

NEWS & VIEWS: 288 **CORRESPONDENCE: 289**
EDITORIALS: 289
THE ELECTIONS: POOR GUYS FINISH LAST: *Steven V. Roberts* **291**
VIETNAM: LABOR'S LOVE LOST: *Douglas Ireland* **292**
CHRISTIAN DEMOCRACY—R.I.P.: *Peter Steinfels* **294**
DID CHRISTIANS FAIL ISRAEL?: *Richard L. Rubenstein* **297**
THE GAZA STRIP: *Martha Gellhorn* **299**
ART: *Frank Getlein* **301**
VERSE: *Chad Walsh* **300** *Sr. M. Stanislaus Huddleston, I.H.M.* **300**
THE STAGE: *John Simon* **304** ***THE SCREEN:*** *Philip T. Hartung* **305**
CRITICS' CHOICES FOR CHRISTMAS: 307

JAMES O'GARA: *Editor*
DANIEL CALLAHAN: *Executive Editor* JOHN DEEDY: *Managing Editor*
PETER STEINFELS: *Associate Editor* OONA SULLIVAN: *Associate Editor*
ANNE ROBERTSON: *Editorial Assistant* JONATHAN EISEN: *Editorial Assistant*
MICHAEL NOVAK: *Associate Editor (At Large)* WILFRID SHEED: *Books*
JOHN SIMON: *Drama* PHILIP T. HARTUNG: *Movies* JOHN FANDEL: *Poetry*
ROBERT BARRAT: *Paris* GUNNAR D. KUMLIEN: *Rome* J. M. CAMERON: *Great Britain*
EDWARD S. SKILLIN: *Publisher*
JOHN BRUBAKER: *Advertising Manager*

COMMONWEAL A Weekly Review of Public Affairs, Literature and the Arts.
Second-class postage paid in Philadelphia, Pa. Printed in the USA and published weekly, except biweekly Christmas-New Year's and July-September, by Commonweal Publishing Co, 232 Madison Ave, New York, NY 10016
MUrray Hill 3-2042. *Copyright © 1967 Commonweal Publishing Co., Inc.*
US and Canada, $9 a year. Foreign $11.

A WORD TO THE UNWISE

We have before us a scattering of recent news items: "Catholic Bishops Affirm Celibacy Rule"; "Pope Warns Lay Congress"; "Unauthorized Liturgies Banned"; "Priest Suspended." This is "news" that is no longer news, but it calls for a few words, and they had best be direct.

Your Holiness, Your Excellencies: Are you hearing what the polls have to say? Do you hear the rustle of the petitions from your priests piling up on your desks? Do you hear Sister Nora slamming the door as she leaves the convent? Do you hear the echoes in the corridors of half-empty seminaries? Have your ears discerned that there are not quite so many small feet noisily rushing to the schools, and more small change rattling in the baskets?

Well, you must be hearing these things; the noise, or lack of it, is too great to miss. But what are they conveying to you? What are they conveying to all of us in the Church? Almost any answer is likely to be the right answer; that is part of why it is all so confusing. Yes, there are undoubtedly those who have succumbed to the "world" (bad sense). Yes, there are surely those for whom change, any change, is beyond bearing. Yes, there probably do exist Catholics who believe, with serene arrogance, that their private insights are worth more than the accumulated wisdom of the Church.

And yes, your authority is being challenged. No, that's not quite the right way to put it. Better, your authority as you seem to understand and exercise it is ceasing to count for much, at least your Christian, moral authority. You have squandered it. What you still have—please note the distinction—is your *power*, and people listen to power because they have to. You own the churches and the seminaries; thus many priests who would marry do not, for you control their jobs and their ministries; thus many priests keep quiet because they know you can transfer them or make their life miserable; and many diocesan editors keep still because you can fire them. But those over whom you have no direct power more and more do as their consciences direct: those married women who use contraceptives; those lay people who celebrate the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

liturgy as they see fit, often enough under the leadership of a priest who has decided to run the risk of episcopal discipline; those lay people who take their marriage problems into their own hands, refusing to undergo the indignities of Church tribunals. And—true enough—those hundreds of thousands of lay people who would prefer to stomp Negroes into the ground rather than heed your call for racial justice, or bomb North Vietnam back into the stone age rather than see the United States, as you hope, negotiate a peace. It's not all good guys following their enlightened conscience against your unilateral power. Sometimes it's bad guys following their unilateral conscience against your enlightened authority.

Either way, the people are listening less and less. They listen most when you have the leash to bring them to heel: when they want to keep their jobs and their ministry and their "good Catholic" reputation; when they want to get married "in the Church" and can't unless you let them; when they want to avoid censure or excommunication or whatever other legal sanctions you can bring to bear against them. When they are not on the leash, though, they listen or not as they please, particularly the young.

So you are up against it. You must know that by now. You can quote Scripture, cite the Church Fathers, parade the scholarship of loyal theologians to support your power; that has worked before and it will probably keep convincing many people in the future. Be consoled, then, that if you want to keep resting your case on this line of defense, the gates of hell will not prevail.

Is that consolation enough, though? We hope not, for there is probably no greater need in the Church today than a rebirth of authority. For it is romantic beyond words to expect the Holy Spirit to somehow directly enlighten all people apart from their participation in a structured community, that community we call the "Church." And a community of Christians needs authority—visible, meaningful, Spirit-filled authority. What it does not need is naked power masquerading as authority.

The price to be paid for your Christian authority is becoming clear: the relinquishment of canonical power—over doctrine, the liturgy, the clergy, the religious, the laity. In its place must be put the authority of witness, which means only being in one's person, through force of character and charisma, what one claims to be in law and history. The greatest service the Church could render authority now is to recognize only the witness of hierarchical authority, charitably ignoring your demonstrations of power, your claims to the right of coercion and sanctioning control. Is this to advocate open rebellion against unjust Church laws and practices? Yes. Is this to advocate the dissolution of your hierarchical *power?* Yes. Is this to advocate the destruction of your hierarchical authority? No. It is only to advocate that your authority be saved from itself; that it once more rise through the force of its Christian words and example and deeds to lead the people where they need to go.

LAW AS A BLUDGEON

To live under the rule of law, freed from the whims of tyrants, has long been the ideal of men who yearn to be free. But the white potentates of South Africa have perverted this ideal by using the law as a bludgeon to keep black people enslaved. Their most recent recourse to law as an instrument of raw oppression is the Terrorism Act, passed by Parliament last June and declared retroactive to June, 1962. The new law's definition of "terrorism" covers a broad spectrum. It includes any act intended to endanger the maintenance of law and order in South Africa or South West Africa; cause substantial financial loss to any person or the State; or obstruct the free movement of any traffic on land, at sea or in the air. Anyone accused under the Act may be arrested without a warrant, detained indefinitely, held in solitary confinement, denied access to lawyers or family. Trial is prescribed by judge, without jury; there is no protection against double jeopardy and *habeas corpus* is abolished. The accused is presumed guilty until he can prove his innocence beyond a reasonable doubt.

In extending the Terrorism Act to South West Africa, the South African government is coolly defying the United Nations General Assembly, which canceled South Africa's mandate over the territory in October, 1966. Significantly, the first people to be scooped up in the Act's wide net were 36 South West Africans from Ovamboland in the northern part of the territory. They were specifically charged with organizing to overthrow the government by force (several had received guerrilla training in North Africa, Ghana and Russia). All the accused, however, were arrested *before* passage of the Terrorism Act. After it they were taken to Pretoria, a thousand miles from home, and tried (in Afrikaans, with no Ovambo interpreter) in an atmosphere designed not only to frighten the prisoners but also to intimidate anyone who might wish to help them.

The court is closely guarded, inside and out, by police standing with Sten guns at the ready, or patrolling with dogs. It requires a great deal of courage even to enter the court, and to date few have mustered it. No churchmen, members of the bar association, foreign newsmen, repre-

REPRINTS OF 'JESUS ISSUE'

Reprints are available of *Commonweal* for November 24—the 64-page special issue on Jesus.

1 to 9 copies, 75 cents each

10 to 19 copies, 50 cents each

20 or more copies, 40 cents each

Postpaid; institutions may ask to be billed on orders of 10 or more copies; all other orders should be sent in with payment.

Address: Circulation Department, Commonweal
232 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sentatives of foreign embassies or the UN have attended the trial. Yet, their presence might at least serve as a form of pressure to save the accused from the maximum death sentence. (Nobody even dreams of acquittal.)

A few voices have lately been raised on their behalf in the United States, notably the American Committee on Africa and the National Council of Churches. They are urging Americans to contribute to a legal defense fund and to write to congressmen asking that a U.S. embassy representative at least attend the trial. The National Council is also urging churchmen in South Africa to visit the accused and pray with them. It doesn't seem like very much, but, incredibly, it might help save anywhere from 7 to 10 men from hanging.

THE POLITICS OF PARALYSIS

If the riots of the past four summers have yielded up a spate of reports, official and unofficial, documenting causes, prescribing remedies and programs, they nonetheless have borne witness to a native propensity for symbolic solutions. For despite the burgeoning problems in the ghettos, complacently if accurately labeled the "urban crisis," the tendency persists to solve by study group rather than to grapple with the roots of our social disorders. In a brilliant study of political psychology (*The Symbolic Uses of Politics*), Murray Edelman wrote of the negative functions of political acknowledgement: the cooptation of problems and their constituents into the national idiom, he implied, often tended to mute insurgent forces and evaporate pressure for change as the claimants were supported, at least verbally, by the political elite. In the case of civil rights, while undeniably social progress has ensued as a result of the passage of recent legislation, the net effect has been to evaporate the movement and dissipate pressures, at the point where a continuing force was urgently needed for the administrative implementation of the statutes. Indeed, as the structural procedures fostering cooptation became increasingly apparent, the pressures among black activists for radical withdrawal from the political mainstream have become concomitantly pronounced, resulting, even before the outbreak of the riots, in a profound sense of alienation from and vilification of "the system." The riots, in addition to their significance as acts of desperation, must be seen as the tangible recognition on the part of our black minority of the implacability of not only a fundamental American racism, but of an entire social order which, though committed to reform, cannot change through "normal political channels."

Now, in the heat of controversy over Vietnam, even these channels have been drying up in an orgy of economizing—at the expense of social melioration which could conceivably stave off a repetition of last summer's violence. Predictably, police in numerous cities are currently tooling up for an onslaught of winter riots; in Philadelphia last week they actually sparked a riot and began a bloodletting on Negro students which presages further and more drastic use of state firepower. And still, Daniel Moynihan reports, "The mood of the Administration in Washington is one of paralysis. There is no political will for the Executive Branch to move in any direction and nothing but fear as to what direction Congress will take if it should seize the initiative . . ." However, the question is no longer one of more legislation or even immediately one of funding; rather the need is to elicit from government more than a symbolic response to a developing state of chaos born from our years of unattended injustices.

● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ●

The Elections: Poor Guys Finish Last

As I was voting in a shabby hotel on the Upper West Side of Manhattan, one of the election officials, an elderly lady with a Yiddish accent, said to no one in particular, "What number is the one that gives them more welfare? If that passes, [New York Welfare Commissioner Mitchell I.] Ginsburg will just say come and get it."

The woman, typical of an aging Jewish population that remembers fondly when no Negroes or Puerto Ricans threatened their fragile world, was talking about the doomed revision of New York's creaky constitution. All the posturing and punditry preceding the vote concentrated on the provision that would have eliminated a ban on the use of state funds to aid parochial schools. But the issue that touched the voters almost as deeply was spending—especially for the poor. They were not about to approve the proposals to have the state assume the costs of the gigantic city welfare program, and subsidize private efforts to improve housing, health and other services.

To the old lady, that was as bad as giving money to the church. As for Catholics in Staten Island and Buffalo and Syracuse, not even the appeals of their bishops (which grew strident enough to insult Catholics as well as non-Catholics) could sway many of them. The constitution received a yes vote of 28 per cent in a state that is 40 per cent Catholic.

At the same time, a $2.5-billion bond issue for new highways, mass transit and commuter railroads won resounding approval. The suburbanite takes care of his own.

It is not merely a coincidence that New York's constitution was clobbered during the same week that Congress began to conclude its tortures of the antipoverty program and prepared to deliver the coup de grace. Nothing has helped: neither conciliation nor anger, appeals nor threats, demonstrations nor riots. Congress seems intent on sweeping the ghettos under the rug—even if they can not fit in the house.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The best, and the worst, that can be said is that the legislators are accurately representing their constituents. Interpreting local elections is always a risky business, but many of the votes point the same way. The comfortable white American is trying to be all three monkeys at once; he is hearing no evil, seeing no evil, speaking no evil. Everett Dirksen is in his heaven, all is right with the world.

In Kentucky, the voters elected as governor a full-voiced conservative Republican in the mold of Ronald Reagan. In New Jersey, the administration of Gov. Richard Hughes, who, despite his handling of the Newark riots did levy the state's first broadbased tax, was decisively repudiated when Republicans swept both houses of the state legislature.

What about Hatcher in Gary and Stokes in Cleveland? Why did Mrs. Hicks lose in Boston? Is all that warm liberal sentiment everybody felt after those elections justified? Was Seth Taft right when he proclaimed: "Whether racial bloc voting did exist is to me not the point. The real point is that Cleveland proved itself to be the least bigoted city in America."?

I think Mr. Taft could hardly be more wrong. In a basic sense, the election of Negroes in Gary and Cleveland crowned the triumph of racism in those cities. Above all, they won because enough whites had made their escape, leaving the rotting heart of the central city to the blacks. If you live in Shaker Heights you can't help beat Carl Stokes? But then, do you care?

This may be overdrawn. Stokes did receive a sizeable white vote, and Mrs. Hicks did lose (although her sex was probably more critical than the liberalism of the Boston electorate). But many of the results begin to sketch a picture of the future. More black faces in city hall, more whites on the 5:17, fewer and fewer resources, in both money and talent, left to do the job downtown.

One of the few things that could make Congress even less responsive to the needs of the cities would probably be a growing number of Negro mayors. The polarization of racial attitudes, already so dangerously sharp, could accelerate.

I tried these thoughts out on an astute colleague who replied that the "power structure" of cities like Cleveland and New York would never abandon them. But the fact remains that in many ways they already have. They seldom live there (except in luxury enclaves that appear to be an application of General Gavin's theories to city planning). Their industrial plants have fled, leaving only the corporate headquarters (which are also pretty well barricaded). They occasionally enjoy the cultural life of the cities—in emporiums that, like Lincoln Center, often rise on the former site of low-income housing cleared by urban renewal. With Lord & Taylor in White Plains, what do you need but a good commuter railroad? And what was the one thing New Yorkers decided to spend money on?

What is the outlook? The stream of white migration will be very hard to turn back. The fear that disfigures the face of a neighborhood when it begins to change is usually too powerful.

Negroes who do gain power in the big cities may be more sympathetic to the cries for help from the ghettos. But without the money and the know-how that only Congress and the power structure (the banks, the insurance companies, the industries, the big retailers) can provide, there is a limited amount they can do to create jobs, build housing, beef up education, open opportunity. So in the end, Carl Stokes and the residents of Hough will have to depend largely on just those people who have steadfastly ignored their problems for so long. STEVEN V. ROBERTS

(Steven V. Roberts is a reporter for the New York Times *and a frequent contributor to periodicals.)*

● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ●

UNION LEADERS DISSENT

VIETNAM: LABOR'S LOVE LOST

Chicago, Ill.

"We must end the madness our government is pursuing in Vietnam . . . Our economy is a war economy. The greatest concentration of economic power in the country is in the Department of Defense . . . powerful interests reap benefits from maintaining the nation on a war basis . . ."

The speaker was not a student, minister or intellectual; he was Frank Rosenblum, secretary-treasurer of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers, speaking to trade unionists at the National Labor Leadership Assembly for Peace, held in Chicago Nov. 11 and 12, and organized by the Trade Union Division of SANE. Somewhat to the surprise of the organizers, the Assembly drew over 520 delegates from 60 unions and 38 states, including 55 officers (vice-presidents, secretary-treasurers, and executive board members) of international unions.

The conference opened with addresses by Rosenblum and John Kenneth Galbraith, but the tone of the two-day meeting was set by octogenarian Norman Thomas who, despite failing health (he subsequently suffered a heart attack), flew to Chicago to blast the AFL-CIO leadership for its blank-check support of Administration foreign policy. In a voice shaking with rage, Thomas scorned the "antediluvian" AFL policy and brought the unionists to their feet cheering when he called for "the reassertion of labor's moral leadership." Many of those in the audience had passed through the Socialist Party in

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

their younger days, and some of them had tears in their eyes as Thomas finished. (A poignant moment came when Thomas introduced Warren K. Billings, a co-defendant with Tom Mooney in one of the *causes célèbres* of the '20s. Small, frail, and in his 70s, Billings attended as a delegate from the San Francisco local of the Jewelry Workers Union.)

The Assembly also dealt with the growing threat of nuclear proliferation, the need for a new China policy, and the Vietnam war and the American economy. In a panel on the latter topic, Professor Seymour Melman of Columbia University described the effects of "parasitic economic growth" produced by arms spending. Abe Morgenstern, research director of the International Union of Electrical, Radio and Machine Workers, told bitterly of a 6,000-member IUE local on Long Island decimated by cancellation of a defense contract: "All our members knew was that they needed work. Without any plan to reconvert that plant to peacetime production, they reacted by asking for restoration of the defense contract. We as trade unionists have got to initiate economic planning for peace; otherwise the labor movement and the whole country will suffer. We ought to talk about government subsidies for companies caught in the throes of a changeover."

Dissent on foreign policy within the labor movement has been almost nonexistent since the expulsion of left-wing unions from the CIO in the late '40s. George Meany's *éminence grise,* Jay Lovestone, has been the symbol of a virtual dictatorship within the Federation and its affiliates; those differing with the Lovestone line have been afraid to speak up, for fear of losing their jobs. Aspiring labor leaders know that one sure way to curry favor with Meany is to become super-hawkish.

In a recent example of this dictatorship at work, the president of a fast-growing white collar union (and a former sponsor of a major peace organization), who wants to win a seat on the AFL-CIO Executive Council, turned up unexpectedly at a local union meeting to denounce the local's director for participating in Trade Union SANE; later he forced passage of a resolution prohibiting the director from publicly contradicting the Federation's foreign policy. Another president of a major industrial union, who made dovish noises after his upset election a few years ago, has executed a 180-degree turn, and now makes speeches on Vietnam that would turn Richard Nixon pale. He wants to succeed Walter Reuther as president of the AFL-CIO Industrial Union Department when the UAW pulls out of the Federation, as it is expected to do next year.

The rebellion against the Meany-Lovestone jingoism has worried a lot of people in Washington. Up to now, the one solid base of support for Johnson and his policies has been the labor movement. One top unionist attending the Chicago conference said he was told by a White House source that President Johnson's much-publicized surprise visit to a testimonial dinner for Meany two days before the conference opened was planned as a countermove to strengthen the already strong ties that bind labor to Lyndon.

If so, the attempt backfired. Delegates to the Assembly were angered by LBJ's attempt to keep labor in his back pocket, and, if anything, their resolve to dissent vigorously was strengthened by the President's ploy. This mood of anger was mirrored in the reception given Dr. Martin Luther King at the conference. He excoriated the war as "immoral" and received an ovation when he attacked the Congress as "criminally irresponsible" for appropriating billions for Vietnam while gutting the anti-poverty program.

Leaders of the Assembly have been careful to disavow factionalism. "Our purpose isn't to build a clique or caucus within the labor movement," UAW International Affairs Director Victor Reuther insisted, after flaying the AFL-CIO for interfering in the internal affairs of labor movements in other countries. (It was Reuther who first exposed the links between the CIA and Lovestone.) The meeting's leadership sat hard on attempts to win support for the dump-Johnson movement. Even so, Senator Eugene J. McCarthy's speech to the Assembly was warmly received, and a number of delegates privately indicated their support for McCarthy's possible candidacy against the President. Nonetheless, as one vice-president of an industrial union put it, "the lid is on as far as anti-Johnson political action is concerned. Walter Reuther has already endorsed Johnson, and labor has a tradition of staying out of primaries."

Despite this caution, the significance of the Chicago conference should not be underestimated. The Assembly was the first important breakaway from the AFL-CIO's foreign policy dictatorship. It represented a new spirit of dissent within the labor movement. The continuations committee elected at the final session of the two-day Assembly met afterward to lay plans for local Labor Assemblies for Peace; chapters will soon be formed in San Francisco, Chicago, Minneapolis, and ten other cities. Although the meeting was initiated by the Trade Union Division of SANE, the internal fights rending that organization are distractions from the unionists' main job. The Assembly will most likely continue independent of SANE.

"The very fact that this conference was held at all is revolutionary," one UAW delegate said, "and the broad nature of the representation here even more so. This meeting is only the first step. We're going to make sure that the time when labor speaks with one voice on foreign affairs is over. The majority of our members want peace, and they want out of Vietnam. Now we have a vehicle to help them get it." DOUGLAS IRELAND

(Douglas Ireland is Assistant to the President of the New Jersey Industrial Union Council and an editor of The Activist.*)*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CHRISTIAN DEMOCRACY—R.I.P.

Not attempted murder this time but suicide

PETER STEINFELS

Christian democracy in France is dead. On Sept. 13 the executive committee of the Mouvement Républicain Populaire (MRP) declared that, assuming the agreement of the MRP's national convention in November, the party would dissolve itself into a sort of political club. The event was noted, to be sure—a few columns in *Le Monde* and *Le Figaro*—but more in passing than in bareheaded attentiveness. In France the death of a political party is nothing compared to that of a genuine institution like André Maurois.

And why should it be otherwise? Yes, the MRP was once the largest party in France, and almost always the pivotal group without whose participation no government could last. Yes, it finished for good the quarrel between French Catholics and the republic. It also slipped into alliance with the Right, harbored Georges Bidault and his disastrous colonialist policies in North Africa and Southeast Asia, bitterly blocked the hope of the Fourth Republic that was Mendes-France, and repeatedly repressed the demands of its progressive militants in favor of ministerial maneuvering. Why mourn the disappearance of a political group whose elected deputies could now be numbered on both hands and one foot? Wasn't it finally only a skeleton party with the wisdom and good grace to call it quits? Let the dead bury the dead, and the Fourth Republic the Fourth Republic.

Yet the MRP was something more. It was the representative of a tradition in French, or even European, political thought going back well into the nineteenth-century. Christian democracy was the major attempt of Catholics to relate their faith to the facts of the French and industrial revolutions; and from Lamennais to Luigi Sturzo or March Sangnier, it had to fight fiercely to push an ancient institution into the modern world. These names remind us that Christian democracy has known its share of setbacks, condemnations and apparent eclipses, but last month, as French historian René Remond points out, the deed was freely done by its own hand. Not attempted murder this time but suicide.

Christian democracy was always beset with numerous shortcomings; its philosophy was confused and nostalgic for medieval Christendom; its actions were frequently timid and defensive. But in a period when Catholicism could claim disturbingly little to be proud of, Christian democracy certainly played one of the more sympathetic roles. Its passing in France is cause for reflection.

There are, of course, some very particular lessons. French Christian democracy was a victim of Cold War anti-Communism. In 1946, the MRP's votes were swelled by Conservatives who saw it as a bulwark against the Reds, and it was this artificial growth, to be reversed as soon as the Conservatives found more congenial parties on the Right, which prematurely precipitated the MRP into ministerial jockeying before it had developed a base strong enough to maintain an independent position. It was anti-Communism which provided a justification for Georges Bidault's diehard colonialism in Vietnam. The Christian democrats were all in favor of emancipation for the Indochinese and North Africans, but not if it meant a gain for Communism or a loss of face for France. They had to choose between their theoretical belief in self-determination for the peoples in revolt and their anti-Communism. They chose the latter, and set themselves on the treadmill to the Right.

But the larger question which emerges at a wake like

PETER STEINFELS *is an Associate Editor of* Commonweal, *presently writing from France.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

this is simply: does Christianity have anything to say about politics at all? Pointing to the German and Italian CD parties is certainly no help. Any political scientist could analyze them fairly successfully without knowing a word of the Gospels. They are relatively effective parties of the *status quo*, where Christian democracy once aimed at creating a new kind of civilization.

Christianity and Politics

Even the renunciation of such a sweeping claim does not do away with the question of relating Christianity to politics. Among Christians today, there seem to me to be two general directions in the search for an answer, and any number of subvariations. The first approach stresses the autonomy of the political realm. It is a reaction against clericalism and the tendency of religious spokesmen to substitute simple moralizing for the complexity of workable political solutions. It is a defense of pluralism in society and in the Church (or churches) as well. Religion is not discarded, by any means; but, one way or the other, it is set at a certain distance. The Church should pronounce general principles and leave specific applications to the individual judgments of Christians, who, inspired by these principles and formed by the imperatives of their religious lives in general, enter politics as individuals, as citizens, who may differ and dispute with one another.

Virtually no one will deny that this position was a necessary step in freeing the Church from its unhappy dream of a Christendom, in establishing moral and intellectual tolerance, and in maturing the Christian's notion of the demands of modern democratic politics. But not a few are nervous with the difficulties of this approach, difficulties which exist both on the level of the Church and on the level of the individual, politically-concerned Christian.

On the level of the Church, doesn't the restriction of political involvement to the enunciation of principles result in any number of forms of irresponsibility? Either these statements can be "prophetic"—perhaps like Paul VI's cry of "no more war, war never again"—and ignore the harsh calculations of either means or consequences. Or they can be general and vague, enunciating the loveliest of principles but avoiding the dotting of i's. This was partially Hochhuth's complaint against Pius, but it was also noted by Bernanos when he wrote that the Church "defines oppression admirably, but these irreproachable definitions, which entrance the philosophers, are of little help to the oppressed, since the Church almost always avoids naming the oppressors by name."

On the level of the individual Christian, this approach also has its drawbacks. He may have entered political activity as a result of his Christian formation; he may even have chosen his general political beliefs as a result of his religious ones. But once in politics he is on his own. The struggle produces its own solutions and its own motivation for continuing. An occasional statement from the Pope or the bishops, an occasional renewal of the will to go on; but otherwise no direct and immediate connection emerges between his intense and detailed day-by-day commitment and the activity of his religious community. Naturally, the tendency is to lose touch. Christianity's relation to politics seems to reduce itself to a matter of childhood and adolescent formation and an intermittent interior fortification.

The second approach to the relationship between politics and religion makes these criticisms, but basically, it starts from a different historical reality. It is not the Church's failure to recognize the pluralism and complexity of the modern political realm which bothers its proponents as much as the Church's failure to confront effectively the most *obvious* and *simple* of evils: Nazism, nuclear annihilation, racial oppression, worldwide poverty. What claims can be made on the part of a Church which, in the face of such evils, can only speak in generalities and *as Church* act not at all? If the Church *as Church* keeps its distance from the political, from the twentieth-century arena of seeking justice and making peace and feeding the hungry, how can it be a genuine community living out the Gospels? How can it avoid

turning religion into a private, internal affair? (Including even the liturgy, if, for all its physical and group manifestation, it does not somehow express the needs and problems of the society at large.)

These questions are asked not by throne-and-altar advocates but, on the contrary, generally by the celebrants of the secular city and religionless religion. If the religious endeavor is identified with the human one, and particularly in its day-to-day form rather than in its existential crises, then politics must become central. The Church should not act arrogantly or in expectation of meek obedience from society. But recognizing that its conclusions may be wrong and that it may even have to reverse itself in the future, the Church should take precise and detailed political positions. This should not be an exceptional event but a normal practice of the community.

The critique this second position directs toward the first closely resembles the traditional "radical" critique

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of "liberal" politics. Namely, that the first approach thinks itself a timeless solution when as a matter of fact it is only a response to a certain historical condition—the need to free the Church from the *ancien regime*—which no longer exists. Second, that it is concerned more about the "rules of the game," procedural fairness to all disputants, then about the substantive question of who is right and who is wrong. Third, that it intends this pluralistic fairness to be neutral, but as a matter of fact "neutrality" in a given historical situation always works in favor of the *status quo* and implies, at most, a mild gradualism. Fourth, that it is useless in time of crisis.

But the criticisms of the second position are probably even more obvious than those of the first. Does it not risk substituting a theocracy of the left for the old theocracy of the right? Does it mean returning to the simplistic moralizing of the past? Does the Church really have any political competence, not given in greater amount to specifically political groups or economic and professional communities? The answer to the last question would seem to be no, unless one admitted that the Gospel shed a particular light on politics.

And here we arrive once more at the sticking point. For the first, "liberal," position *does* believe the Gospel sheds a particular light on politics, although it is so unsure about the matter that it prefers the light to be thoroughly indirect, gently dispersed in general principles only. The second, "radical," approach ought to be even more certain about the light the Gospel sheds on politics. A strange predicament, since in general this approach is largely uncertain about what the Gospel says concerning anything else. Indeed, about a year ago, a French Catholic intellectual published two books almost simultaneously, the first declaring that, yes, "there is a Christian political orthodoxy, just as there is an orthodoxy concerning the Trinity or the Incarnation"; Christians ought to differ only on minor points. The second book, a personal reflection on theology, showed just how much trouble the author had with orthodoxies like those on the Trinity or Incarnation! One reviewer noted that he could not help being struck "by the confidence of the author's political Christianity" at the same time as "the uncertainty of his theological Christianity." And one naturally wonders whether the one isn't only a substitute for the other. "Unitarianism is a feather bed for falling Christians," the non-believer Erasmus Darwin would tease his Unitarian friends. Would he say the same about politics today?

Not that the division I describe cannot be straddled. The most recent issue of *Esprit* surveyed French Christian intellectuals on the situation of Christianity and the Church after the Council, and one section of the inquiry was devoted to the question, "Is there a Christian politics?" No end of proposals were produced: the Church should *witness* but not make policy; the Church should not practice a positive but a *negative* politics, pronouncing the great "no's" when they are called for, even to the political enterprise itself if it threatens to become an idol; the Church will always harbor a prophetic element and a political element in tension with one another like yin and yang; etc.; etc. Other commentators would perhaps stress the internal organization of the Church as the crucial factor in determining what approach to politics it should take.

Some of these suggestions are more verbal than practical. Can meaningful witness truly not be frankly political? Can one—and should one—really pronounce "no's" without implying "yes's"? And the warning that "a tension will always exist" is quickly becoming an unhelpful commonplace. Still, the respondents were all sensitive to the double danger, an overly cautious "neutrality," on the one hand, and a new clericalism of the left, on the other. From such awareness will probably spring the most workable resolution—or improvisation.

These reflections have wandered a long way from Christian democracy, which, of course, is the point: Catholics have come a long way from Christian democracy, and can now see it, not for what it pretended to be, but for what in fact it was: a halfway house. Along with the papal social encyclicals it took for texts, Christian democracy served to break down an old set of relationships between the Church and politics, to push Catholics toward a new approach, and meantime to patch the weak spots with rhetoric. Not only could Catholics accept liberal freedoms, but under the Christian democratic wing they could try out being a little bit socialist or, in Latin America today, even a little bit revolutionary. If a halfway house eventually puts itself out of business, that I suppose is a certain mark of success. It also signals all former residents that they are definitely on their own.

THE WAR

New subscribers to Commonweal who failed to receive the September 22 issue on the Vietnam War promised them may now each obtain one on request, thanks to a new printing.

Rates for bulk orders postpaid:
1 to 9 copies, 30 cents each
10 or more copies, 25 cents each

Postpaid; institutions billed on orders of 10 or more copies; all other orders should be sent in with payment. Address: Circulation Department, Commonweal, 232 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DID CHRISTIANS FAIL ISRAEL?

Many Jews have voiced disappointment and bitterness

RICHARD L. RUBENSTEIN

Few current isues have troubled the American Jewish community more deeply than the question of the continuation of Judaeo-Christian dialogue in the aftermath of the Arab-Israeli War of 1967. A number of extremely responsible rabbis have expressed grave doubts concerning the continued fruitfulness of Judaeo-Christian exchanges. Many Jewish leaders have voiced disappointment and even bitterness at what they regard as Christian silence before the second exposure of Jews to the threat of extermination in the twentieth-century.

The drastic character of some of the publicly expressed feelings can only be understood in terms of the fact that every Jew of any religious conviction went through an experience of epic proportions in May and June of 1967. Nothing has been the same for them since. At the beginning of May, Jews throughout the world were seized by the dread that Israel was faced with imminent annihilation. Jews were also afraid that world Judaism could not survive the destruction of Israel. They feared that the blow to the Jewish will-to-live might have been insurmountable.

I do not know a single Jew who did not experience the threat as deeply personal. I must confess that I never felt so totally a stranger in my native land as during those days. My Christian neighbors went about their day-to-day business. There was some apprehension that the crisis could lead to an American-Soviet confrontation, but for non-Jews the crisis was understandably a side issue to the main business of life. Things were different for Jews. We could think of little else, talk of nothing else and, in turning to the media, tune in on nothing else.

All of us were amazed at the depth of our own responses. I know I was not alone in being ready to sacrifice all I had ever acquired for Israel. A prosperous life without Israel simply would not have been worth living. I have taken the greatest liberties with normative Jewish concepts and rituals in my theological writings. My reaction to Israel's crisis was identical with that of the simplest Jew. It was a matter of life and death for all of us.

During the crisis period, I read William V. Shannon's article in *Commonweal* in which he suggested that the Arab-Israeli conflict might be solved by the absorption of Israel's Jews into the countries of the West. Such a solution was unthinkable for us. The territorial dimension of Judaism had been anticipatory for almost two thousand years. Its realization in the twentieth-century had come about under circumstances so awesome that the Jews of Israel would rather die than forsake it. We were all overwhelmed by the religious and emotional hold of the land of Israel. None of us were enlightenment Jews at that moment. We were believing Jews. Nor is it likely that the surfacing of belief will entirely disappear after the events of the spring and summer.

Our first reaction was to revert to patterns of response which had become almost instinctive in 2,000 years of living as a minority without power in the homeland of others. We sought help from sympathetic Christians. There were campaigns to get Christian leaders to sign statements. The defense agencies briefed editors of Christian religious journals. Delegations of prominent Jews visited local bishops. In general, they came away empty-handed. In the crisis, Jews received little support from Christian leaders. When the war was unexpectedly won in so astonishing a fashion, a number of pro-Arab statements by Christian leaders appeared, especially in the Letter-to-the-Editor column of the New York *Times*.

I believe that the Jewish community reacted as it did because it was responding to the present in terms of past experience which was no longer appropriate. There was a vast difference between the Israeli and the American response. American Jews feared another Auschwitz. Israelis had no such fear. They were prepared for the possibility of a monumental Massada but not another Auschwitz. In the year 73, 960 Jews died to the last man in the mountain fortress of Massada near the Dead Sea rather than surrender to the Romans. Those Jews preferred death to the loss of freedom and dignity. Had the Arabs overwhelmed Israel, every Israeli would have perished fighting. Auschwitz was the place where millions of Jews unresistingly went to their doom at the pleasure of their enemies. Auschwitz was only possible because the victims had absolutely no physical or psychological power over their own destiny. At the very worst, the Israelis had the power to choose death in combat rather than the indignity of Arab extermination camps.

Israelis see their situation as involving the constant fight for survival. They no longer have any faith in the viability of living as a dependent minority. They understand very clearly that their existence is forever imperiled.

RICHARD L. RUBENSTEIN *is Director of the B'Nai B'rith Hillel Foundation in Pittsburgh and the author of* After Auschwitz.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Nevertheless, they regard it as possessed of great dignity. One of the ironies of our time is that the people who gave the world so great a measure of its religious idealism and universalism has perhaps less reason for trusting its own humanitarian visions than any other.

When the crisis broke out, my own response was very different from that of many of my rabbinic colleagues. There may be some good in exposing it to public scrutiny. I did not think it was reasonable to expect Christians to identify with our feelings toward Israel or our willingness to make any sacrifice on her behalf. I felt that those who did were unrealistic and unaware of the complexity of the involvements Christians had to face.

The Right To Exist

Most of my colleagues saw the crisis in moral terms. They saw Israel as the victim of Arab aggression. I saw the conflict primarily in the perspective of interest and power. Israel was established largely because Jews were convinced that neither moral commitments nor humanitarian sentiments could any longer assure Jewish survival. Although the birth of Israel is usually ascribed to the United Nations resolutions of 1947 and 1948, no international resolution could have guaranteed Israel's continued right to exist. There is only one effective guarantee —the willingness of every Israeli to risk death for his nation's survival. Furthermore, there never was a clear-cut moral case on either side. The problem of the land is as old as Isaac and Ishmael. Israel regained its ancestral territory as every nation has gained territory before —by war. Living in Pittsburgh, which was once Indian territory before the French captured it and called it Fort Duquesne only to have the British capture it and finally surrender it to the Americans, I am singularly unimpressed with America's moral right to the territory we possess. Furthermore, Israel's treatment of the indigenous population has been far more humane than America's. If we go back far enough in history, the same reality of conquest appears everywhere. In Europe we need go back only 22 years.

If I were an Arab, I would resist the Israelis. I am not an Arab. In this tragic conflict of destinies, two Semitic peoples have been pitted against each other. After Auschwitz all other options have lost credibility for Israel's Jews.

Because I see the conflict, as do most Israelis, in terms of power, I see no reason why Christians are in any way morally obligated to support Israel. In spite of the dreary record of Christian-Jewish relations, I reject the notion that Christians owe Jews a special debt. Some of the Jewish disappointment may have rested on the premise of a special Christian obligation to Jews arising out of our bitter history. Such a premise can only serve as an obstacle to frank and open encounter. Alliances are formed and retain credibility as long as there is a congruence of interest between the allies. Because of Christian involvement with Arabs as well as Jews, Christian interests are bound to differ from those of Jews.

When the crisis was under way, I was under heavy pressure to contact Christian theologians for pro-Israel statements. I refused on the grounds that (a) statements would change nothing of the realistic military and political situation and (b) I did not want to embarrass either myself or my friends. I knew full well how difficult it would be for them to give me what I sought.

I was also under pressure to contact political leaders such as senators and congressmen. Again, I refused. I was convinced that, if America became involved in the Middle East, the less Jewish pressure the better. An American commitment in the Middle East could only be justified on the basis of American national interests. Under no circumstances could it be based upon the very strong ties binding American Jews to Israel.

Direct Soviet intervention would have created a challenge to American interest which could not have been ignored. Barring such intervention, I believed that Israel had to face its agony alone. That was part of the price Jews had to pay for reentering history as a nation. As a totally committed American Jew, my feelings went very deep, but I neither expected nor was I disappointed that they were not shared by others.

Perhaps no issue divides Christians and Jews as much as that of the refugees. Because I saw the struggle as I did, I tend to take a rather unsympathetic view on the subject. If a man breaks into my house, threatens to kill me, rape my wife and then kill her, I feel I owe him nothing if he fails and damages himself severely in the attempt. Had the Arabs succeeded, there would have been no refugees. I do not believe Israel has any obligation to accept back refugees from Jordan or elsewhere. On the other hand, I do believe that Israel as the occupying power has a great responsibility toward those refugees who are now her charges. She is likely to exhibit greater humanity in her dealing with the refugees within her borders than did their Arab kinsmen.

The entrance of the Jew into the world of power after almost 2,000 years of dependent status is bound radically to affect Jewish culture, religion and individual psychology. I can understand those rabbis who lost their cool. Nevertheless, I think they were profoundly mistaken in their responses. If the recent events demonstrate anything, they exhibit the greater need for forthright Judaeo-Christian dialogue. Nothing in what has happened can justify an end to dialogue. As we get to know each other we will undoubtedly discover ever deeper layers of similarity and difference between us. Both communities are in the midst of awesome transformations. We will be mutually impoverished if we cease to find ways of communicating with each other. On the Jewish side, I believe that as Jews come to realize how radically their relation to the world has altered, the possibility of frank, open dialogue beyond all resentment will inevitably grow.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE GAZA STRIP

Lovely, huge lunatic asylum

MARTHA GELLHORN

The Gaza Strip is a garden spot, 150 square miles of rolling land covered with citrus groves and green fields, bordered by a long white beach and bright blue sea. The road in from Israel is lined with pink and white oleander bushes and shaded by the waving plumes of eucalyptus trees. There are trees everywhere: flowering flame trees, cypress and live oak. Peasant houses are pretty with grape arbors; town villas are swathed in bougainvillaea. The Palestinian refugees are the gardeners and farmers responsible for this fine blooming. The land is lovely but the Gaza Strip is a huge lunatic asylum and one of the nastiest places on earth.

It is amazing how Nasser does it. All he has ever given the refugees is fierce propaganda and promises of war. The Gaza refugees eat this up: Nasser is their savior. Even now, immediately after this last defeat, they want more war and fail to notice that Nasser is their jailer. Other Palestinian refugees live and work in their "host" country; in Jordan they are full citizens. Egypt is closed to the Gaza refugees, as is everywhere else. When they talk of Nasser, it is an Arab echo of Germans talking with rapt, mad eyes about Unser Fuehrer.

"I was here in 1956," the Israeli driver said. "Nothing's changed except they got a Seven Up bottling factory."

I was here in 1961 and it's worse now. There are 310,000 Palestinian refugees in the Gaza Strip (UNRWA —United Nations Relief and Works Agency—statistics); and what they really need is a psychiatrist apiece.

The refugee camps were off limits to Israeli troops; traps, filled with hate and hidden weapons. I picked up a Gaza refugee policeman, to act as interpreter, and set off to visit the Christian Arab camp. In 1961, they had been a restful change from the Muslims. Living in respectable little houses, built with their own earned money, they talked like normal people. But no longer.

A stout Christian Arab policeman, his young schoolteacher wife, a 19-year-old student, a gray-haired shopkeeper, my policeman and I listened to a handsome woman, an employee of the Baptist hospital, Mrs. Farah. Excellent English poured from Mrs. Farah like burning oil. "The Jews started the war. We only want peace but the Jews always want war. The Egyptians left from here at once; there was no fighting. They gave each house a weapon. It was an order; we had to take them. The Jews told us we must turn in the weapons but people are afraid to. In 1956, the Jews did the same and shot every person as they gave in their weapons." In the pause, our schoolteacher hostess passed small cups of hot chocolate. I chalked up a new atrocity; no one had mentioned the 1956 massacre in 1961.

"In Haifa in 1948," Mrs. Farah went on, "the Jews ordered the Arabs to get identity cards and when the men went for their cards they stood them against a wall and shot every man. Oh I hate them, I cannot tell you how I hate them!"

"Yet you say you want to go back to Palestine and live with them."

"Oh, if we were comfortable in our old homes we would forget all this in a few months. My family is in Haifa. I have a picture of my sister and her children. They are living very well. The Jews are more correct here now. Nothing has happened to us. But you never know when they will start shooting everyone."

"Didn't Nasser and Shukairy promise to destroy Israel and all the Jews?"

"Probably they didn't mean it," Mrs. Farah said lightly. "We haven't lost, believe me. This is just the beginning."

My policeman, with woeful brown eyes, said, "Sir, can you help me? I have no flour for my family and no money."

"What's the matter with UNRWA?" I said and fished out some Israeli pounds. He shrugged and raised his eyebrows: inefficient UNRWA. As usual in Gaza, you learn the truth by accident. In his camp, the plentiful UNRWA stores had been looted by resident refugees and UNRWA was delaying rations to teach them a communal lesson. UNRWA then asked the Israeli Military Governor to place armed guards on its warehouses and now Israeli soldiers have to protect all the supplies in Gaza.

The Arab looters are determined and do not always run from warning shots. Gaza is bad enough without a frenzy of looting; the soldiers shoot at thieves. If the fire is returned they shoot to kill. Middle class refugees approve of this; it may be the first Israeli action they have ever approved. Amazingly, the Gaza refugees, who

---

MARTHA GELLHORN, *author of* The Face of War, *is well-known as a foreign correspondent.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cannot wait to tell you any atrocity story, never accuse the Israeli soldiers of loot or rape.

We were leaving another house in another camp after a long meandering conversation. Suddenly a pretty, plump, pink-cheeked teen-age girl spoke up. (Muslim women seldom say anything.)

"She say she want to go home to Palestine."

"How does she know about Palestine?"

Translation of question and answer. "She learn in school."

The girl's eyes shone. Their refugee teachers in UNRWA schools have done a marvelous job of inculcating daydreams; the reality of Israel would be a frightful disappointment. But if you learn, from kindergarten, that you were driven at bayonet point from Palestine-Paradise, you also learn to hate the wicked Jews who were the drivers. Surely, only in a lunatic asylum, would girls in a school art class be encouraged to paint pictures of a Jew, like Streicher's cartoons, as a fat beast with a grotesque hooked nose, raping an Arab Girl.

My policeman vanished in a sea of people. Plucking at my clothes, pulling, pushing, screaming, knocking over children, a growing mob carried me along to the scenes of Jabalia's martyrdom. Jabalia is the biggest camp and a factory for psychoses. "For two and a half hours the Jews bombarded us!" Someone thrust the tail of a two-inch mortar shell at me and said eagerly, "Napalm!" They were beside themselves with outrage over the Jews' wanton attack.

After the defeat of the Egyptian-Palestine Liberation forces in Gaza, on the second day of the war, the Arab soldiers doffed their uniforms, donned the civil uniform of pajamas, and faded into the camps. None of the eight Gaza Strip camps had been touched by the war. But they kept their arms (swelling the supply already distributed to the population) and were tempted to do some sniping, from two camps.

They were fools. The Israeli army is Draconian or sensible, depending on your viewpoint, about sniping and concealed weapons. Evidently, Israeli infantry had fired some rounds of two-inch mortar shells in here, to stop the sniping. I don't understand why the shells did so little damage except that sand absorbs the fragments, and the lanes and patios are sandy soil. Adobe walls were nicked, a tin roof had blown off, a side wall collapsed, a pierced water pipe leaked gently. A fiery young man in striped pajamas kept shouting about the deaths; here and there and everywhere people had been killed.

In two houses, because of the faces of the women, I believed someone was killed or wounded. Real grief declared itself in silence. The women were quiet; the men were roaring with self-pity.

"Five hundred people were killed here!" cried the fiery young man. "Two hundred houses were destroyed." As he said the words, he began to believe them.

Only 5,000 weapons have been collected from the population so far; an armory must remain to be found. Israeli officers are also trying to screen out the members of the Palestine Liberation Army. Israelis count these men, who fought as part of the Egyptian army, under Egyptian command, as Egyptian soldiers and will repatriate them with other Egyptian prisoners of war. Meantime, Israeli buses will carry refugees from Gaza on day visits to West Jordan; it is the first opening of the jail door. Probably Israel will never again relinquish the Gaza Strip, for its own security. But for the sake of the refugees themselves it would be a sin to return this rectangle of land to Egypt. It is pure sin to condemn generation after generation of Arab children to futile hate and prison madness.

● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ●

CHAD WALSH

HEART'S HEAT

The sunshine through the leaves
Has glanced the brook with gold,
And golden ripples dance

Before the days go cold
Before the aster grieves
Before the heart falls old.

The last birds twit and scold,
The grain is ranked in sheaves,
The summer's bought and sold.

The dooms of frost advance,
The heart's heat will not hold.
Night bloods the maple leaves.

● ● ● ● ● ● ●

SR. M. STANISLAUS HUDDLESTON, I.H.M.

AS YOUR HONESTY

O
that
my listening
might be
an absolution,
chaste as
your honesty.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ART

It was inevitable that someone would make an honest, effective artistic medium out of those elements in contemporary painting loosely called Pop. Elias Friedensohn has now done precisely that and he has done much more than that. He has made his Pop elements into a subtle, profound, delicate and at moments very touching and very funny instrument for analysis of a national trauma.

The trauma, the effects of which are still with us and will be for a long time to come, is the reaction to the assassination of President Kennedy. He was such an unusual President in his image if not especially in his accomplishments, that for many the assassination seemed the blow of a wickedly cruel fate in the classical sense. In his successor, too, many saw the descent from Hyperion to satyr—politically—and this comparison further encouraged a natural inclination to seek a conspiracy behind so cataclysmic a death. There were and still are voices which had long been raised to denounce the conspiracy theory of history which, at the assassination, immediately were heard expounding and applying the conspiracy theory of history. Simple souls, departing from the well-established fact of Oswald's Communist affiliations, saw the conspiracy as centered in Moscow or Havana. More sophisticated sufferers have looked to the right wing or, on the classical principle of *cui bono,* to the successor as the source of the conspiratorial catastrophe. Meanwhile, the popular magazines rarely let more than an issue or two go by without a cover story—usually based on nothing but the editor's desire to use the pictures and the names —about the widow and brother and children of the slain President. For lots of reason, the assassination of President Kennedy became and probably remains the Pop political event par excellence of the decade.

Meanwhile back in the studios, Pop art itself came into thriving existence, very largely in conscious reaction against the dominance of Abstract Expressionism and taking its own birth certificate from the charter of that earlier movement, particularly the doctrine that art has always to be new. Far from the private, involuted agonies of the Abstract Expressionist, the Pop artist cheerfully and blandly presented banal images and objects from everyday commercial life, the public colors and forms of our culture, comic strip characters, advertisements, plaster pastry displays, machines, neon signs, whatever flotsam or jetsam of the street that happened along. Parts of this loose movement became extremely precious at an early stage and have remained so. Other parts were more or less frankly commercial from the beginning, thus, no doubt, adding another level of irony in their presumed analysis of the banalities of public commerce. But no part at all either essayed or attained anything like artistic achievement of the highest order. Indeed, a good part of the Pop mystique seemed to be devoted to proving either the impossibility or the inadvisability of any such achievement. After the heroic struggles of the artist as Prometheus-Theseus-Icarus in the old Abstract Expressionist days, the Popper was content to present himself as the plausible, ingratiating, low-key but high-pitched pitchman for the carnival of life around us.

The trouble with all this as art was chiefly a lack of any substantial aesthetic distance between the commercial realities presumably being examined and the examinations themselves. If a panel from a war-comic strip is banal, it is no less banal when painstakingly hand-copied in billboard size. Cans of Campbell's and boxes of Brillo remain exactly what they are with or without the signature of the artist-of-the-year; although, to be sure, the act of taking such a signature on such an object seriously as a "validating" artistic element is perhaps a comment on current art usage. At any rate, Pop began and mostly stayed a deliberately unimportant manner or group of mannerisms good at most for a passing frisson and usually not even for that. Its chief social usefulness has been its "validation" of a new generation of "in" collectors and gallery-goers, providing, as it does, an esoteric world of names and appearances to be knowledgeable about without too much strain on the understanding.

Friedensohn has changed all that.

He was last seen in the Whitney painting show of four or five years ago with a remarkable, large canvas of what at first sight appeared to be authentic Abstract Expressionist brush-strokes laid on in a fine frenzy. Examination, however, revealed that this flurry of pink-beige broad-gauge brush-strokes were actually the forms of Adam and Eve being expelled from Paradise as painted by Masaccio in the Brancacci Chapel. In a period that explained itself chiefly in terms of art history, here was art history with a vengeance. While most painters of our time trace themselves back to the Surrealists at most, here was a young artist casting all the way back to the man who started it all. Besides being quite a substantial work in itself, the painting at once mocked the phony kunst-historisches of the day and, by combining the fashionable manner with the most venerable image in art, reminded us that any way of painting at all can be used for serious achievement granted a serious intention. Also, considering the subject, the work was a call—if only a personal one—for an exit from the paradise of pure self-expression into the hard world of painful births and bread won by sweatful work.

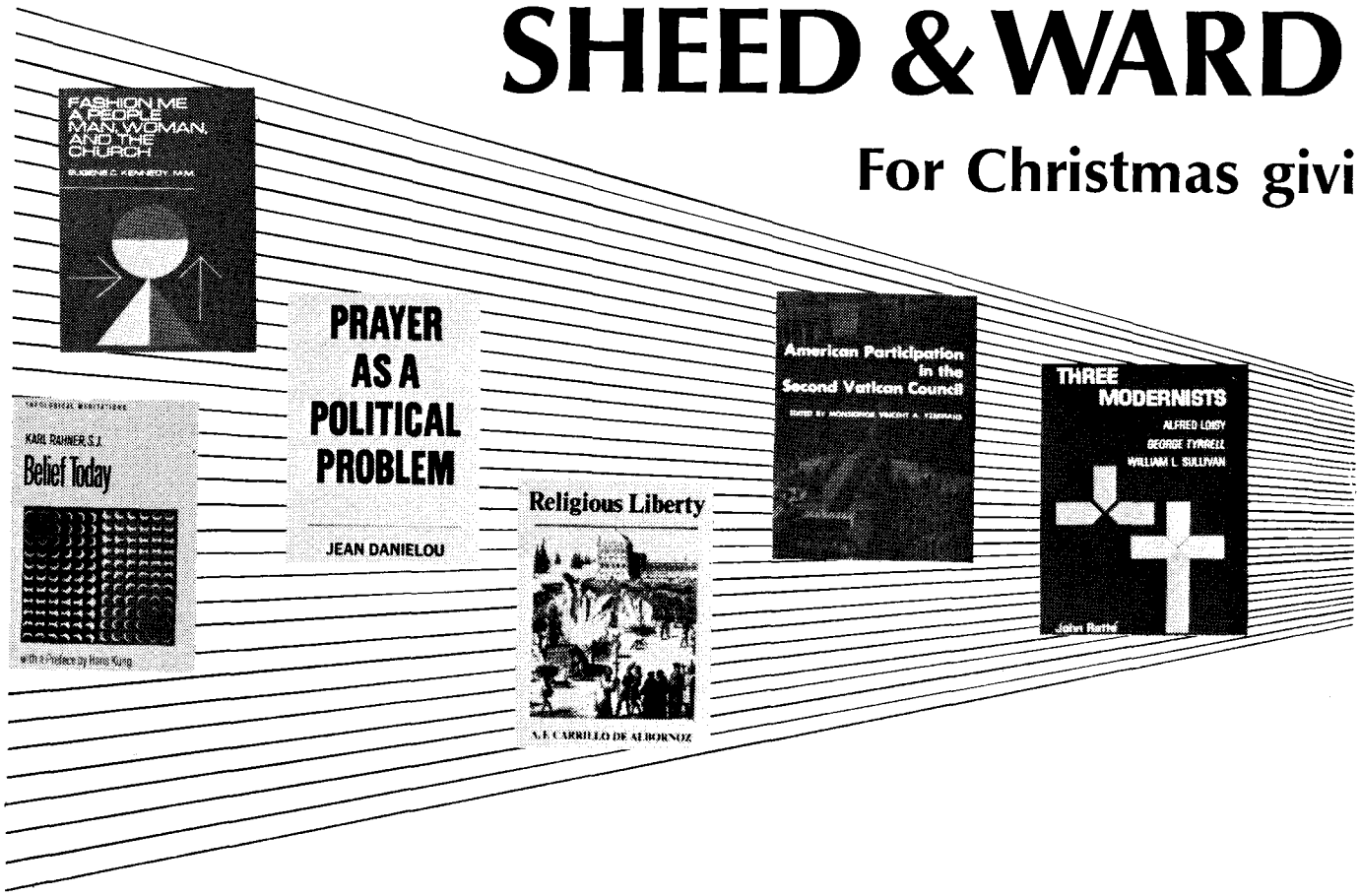
All of these implications, prophecies and promises are fulfilled in Friedensohn's elaborate, ambitious and completely successful work, "The Trial of Csolgosz," at the Terry Dintenfass Gallery, New York.

Leon Csolgosz was the young, probably loony, assassin

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SHEED & WARD

For Christmas givi



FASHION ME A PEOPLE

Man, Woman, and the Church

By EUGENE C. KENNEDY, M.M. What is the *real* crisis in the Church today? "Father Kennedy's authority and reputation as a distinguished psychologist give the book a weight which will assure its reception by responsible Christians."
—*The Kirkus Service.* $4.50

BELIEF TODAY

By KARL RAHNER, S.J. The most honored Catholic theologian of our day here speaks as a pastor to the people in the pews about the problems—and power—of faith in the modern world. "Solid, readable and practical."—*The Kirkus Service.* A new volume in THEOLOGICAL MEDITATIONS, Hans Küng editor.
$3.50

PRAYER AS A POLITICAL PROBLEM

By JEAN DANIELOU, S.J. Is contemporary atheism a transient phenomenon—or is it here to stay? Will the Church tomorrow appeal only to a tiny minority? A great creative theologian deals forthrightly with these and related questions. $3.50

RELIGIOUS LIBERTY

By A. F. CARRILLO DE ALBORNOZ. "A new, reliable and illuminating book on the key issue on which he is the recognized authority."—DR. FRANKLIN CLARK FRY, President, Lutheran Church in America. "I highly recommend this book."
—JOHN COURTNEY MURRAY, S.J.
$5.00

AMERICAN PARTICIPATION IN THE SECOND VATICAN COUNCIL

By VINCENT A. YZERMANS. "Literally indispensable," says DR. ALBERT C. OUTLER, an official Council Observer, of this complete, absorbing account of the role of the American hierarchy at Vatican II. It presents, with commentary, all of the interventions—spoken and written—of the U. S. bishops. 762 pages, indexed. Special gift price through 12/31/67: $14.95.
Thereafter: $16.50

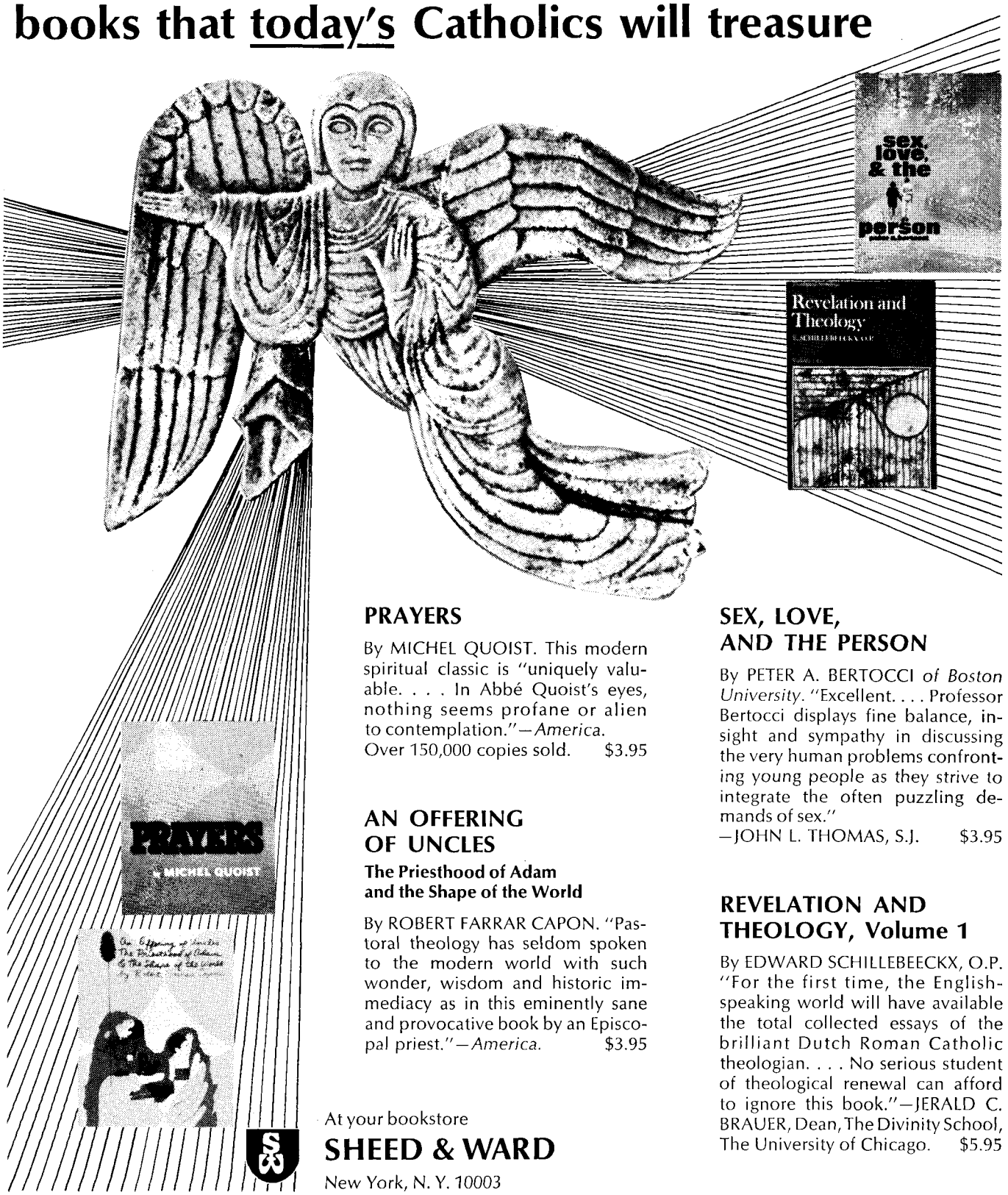
THREE MODERNISTS

Alfred Loisy, George Tyrrell and William L. Sullivan

By JOHN RATTE. Highly relevant for today—a probing study of three leaders of the Modernist movement which racked the Church at the century's turn. "Lively, authoritative."—*The Kirkus Service.* $6.95

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

books that today's Catholics will treasure



PRAYERS

By MICHEL QUOIST. This modern spiritual classic is "uniquely valuable. . . . In Abbé Quoist's eyes, nothing seems profane or alien to contemplation."—*America*.
Over 150,000 copies sold. $3.95

AN OFFERING OF UNCLES

The Priesthood of Adam and the Shape of the World

By ROBERT FARRAR CAPON. "Pastoral theology has seldom spoken to the modern world with such wonder, wisdom and historic immediacy as in this eminently sane and provocative book by an Episcopal priest."—*America*. $3.95

SEX, LOVE, AND THE PERSON

By PETER A. BERTOCCI *of Boston University*. "Excellent. . . . Professor Bertocci displays fine balance, insight and sympathy in discussing the very human problems confronting young people as they strive to integrate the often puzzling demands of sex."
—JOHN L. THOMAS, S.J. $3.95

REVELATION AND THEOLOGY, Volume 1

By EDWARD SCHILLEBEECKX, O.P. "For the first time, the English-speaking world will have available the total collected essays of the brilliant Dutch Roman Catholic theologian. . . . No serious student of theological renewal can afford to ignore this book."—JERALD C. BRAUER, Dean, The Divinity School, The University of Chicago. $5.95

At your bookstore

SHEED & WARD

New York, N. Y. 10003

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of another martyred president: McKinley. If the victim means anything to contemporary Americans, it is as a rather faded symbol of the late nineteenth-century alliance between business and government. The assassination itself is chiefly recalled because it put the first Roosevelt in the White House and led to our current troubles in Panama. Sic transit the agony as well as the glory of the world.

A year or so before the assassination of Kennedy, Friedensohn, on a rainy day in a rented house in Maine, found a memorable book about the McKinley assassination, a volume describing the dread events at the Temple of Music in the Buffalo Fair and both recounting and exemplifying the horror of the nation that such a thing could be. The artist was struck by the total preoccupation of that time—not so distant, after all—with that event and today's total obliviousness of it. He began some work on the theme, then put it aside until, in the days after Dallas he realized that the nation—and he himself—were reliving, even in the details, the agony of the McKinley assassination. He returned to his work on Csolgosz and has been three years creating what must be accounted the masterpiece of Pop Art. Suddenly Pop is practiced by a mature artist of intelligence and sensitivity, of feeling and a gift for history. It is, in fact, history painting brought to a new level, one at which the idea of history itself is part of the subject of the work. On the contemporary, Pop, scene, it is Masaccio suddenly appearing after the platoon of imitators of Giotto, Taddeo Gaddi, Spinello Aretino and the beautifully named Giottino.

The work is divided into the two main rooms of the gallery with a couple of ancillary passages. In paintings, drawings, molded faces and architectural and mechanical constructions, Friedensohn conducts us on a tour not of the assassination of McKinley and not even, really, of the trial of poor, batty Csolgosz, but of the national recoil of horror, outrage and frustrated desires that the deed be somehow undone and that vengeance be taken. There are mock diagrams of how the bullet entered the President's body—diagrams similar to those contemporary ones of bullet-paths from book depositories into automobiles, and one diagram of how the assassin disguised his revolver—he did it by wrapping his hand in bandages—which also shows the evil in his brain. Contemporary posters and newspaper leading articles are recalled with their cries for action against the anarchists, for such was the political persuasion of Csolgosz. "Eye-Witnesses" appear with eyes in the middle of their breasts. Courtroom audiences and reporters in rows of faces are now painted, now molded faces, in the manner of a Mannerist ceiling. The backside of the paneled courtroom is a row of cells on visitors day, each grill with its pathetic face. There is, inevitably, the condemned man eating his hearty meal and finally there is an "assassination machine," in which the visitor may peer through a sight at the President, grasp a bandage-covered cap pistol and blaze away.

After a sojourn in this inferno of popular feeling, one emerges with a good deal of too long absent perspective on the agonies of our own time. One is also aware that he has been in the presence of a deep historical intelligence combined with an exquisite aesthetic sensibility. Part of the Pop pitch has been that it is time for art to return from the Freudian labyrinths and private revelation to the world of common knowledge. At last, with Friedensohn, that return has been made. FRANK GETLEIN

(Frank Getlein is well-known as an art critic and author of several books, including The Trouble With Catholics.*)*

CHESTNUT HILL COLLEGE

CONDUCTED BY THE SISTERS OF ST. JOSEPH

Accredited Catholic college for women. Liberal Arts and Science.

WRITE:
REGISTRAR, CHESTNUT HILL COLLEGE
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA 19118

TALLY HO!

THE STAGE

Lillian Hellman enjoys the reputation of a major American playwright, and the current revival of "The Little Foxes" should make everyone wonder why. It is easy enough to find a place in the short and simple annals of the poor American stage, but is that any reason for an author who is so clearly a melodramatist rather than a dramatist to usurp a position of prominence? Certainly Miss Hellman knows how to construct a play, just as a tailor knows how to make a suit, but unless that tailor is also a designer, unless he creates a style, are we to call him a *couturier* or even an artist? The fact is that "Watch on the Rhine" is a good piece of melodrama and "The Children's Hour" a sometimes brashly effective broadside, but as plays they are inferior to "The Little Foxes" by almost as much as it is inferior to Chekhov, whom, in its best moments, it tries to resemble. But, unfortunately, its best moments—I mean its attempts at psychology, language, drama—are really its weakest. Only when villainy snarls or smiles as it stabs does the work come to life—and then only to the second-rate life of melodrama.

The acting in this Lincoln Center revival is a mixed bag,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

not in the sense that some of it is good and some bad, but in the sense that some of it is quite adequate and some awful. Richard A. Dysart, as the doomed cardiac case, Horace Giddens, who wants to do something good before he dies, plays with remarkable restraint, and makes us care for a part that is undistinguishedly written and has little depth and variety in it. Dysart's presence is commanding: a look followed by a monosyllable followed by a silence erect a mighty, almost literally visible arch across the stage. As Ben, the most scheming of the foxy Hubbards, George C. Scott erupts into his usual seemingly bluff bluster. It is the jovial belching of bullfrogs by a summertime pond, while underneath the Ice Age is on the march to swallow up the world. But I must confess that I am getting tired of this baked-Alaska performance, particularly since the outer warmth is too blatantly phoney, and Scott of the Antarctic too visible beneath it. Moreover, Scott's diction is really too sloppy for a leading actor in anything but a theatre for convalescent throat patients.

Margaret Leighton's pathetic Birdie is rather too young, too shrill, too deliberate to be truly pathetic, and her accent is just a little bit south of Vivien Leigh's Scarlett O'Hara and just as convincing. But at least she tries. Most of the others either don't try for the accent, which is defensible, or try when they can remember—and never before have I seen so many amnesiacs foregathered in one place. Worst at the accent business, as at everything else, is Anne Bancroft in the central role of Regina. Miss Bancroft is cursed with a commonplace, even vulgar voice, and her accent, which may indeed be Southern Bronx, is distressing. But all this is as nothing to her acting, which suggests—in basic quality, artistry and mere technique—a highschool girl with undue hopes of becoming the star of her college dramatic club. If my image is facile, I am sorry, but the shallowness and cynicism with which she approaches her part—staying always at a safe distance from it—do not merit any more invention on my part.

In lesser roles, there is no less unevenness. E. G. Marshall, a dependable and sometimes outstanding actor, makes the littler of the foxy brothers a gaping, gasping, blithering cliché. As Leo, the littlest fox, Austin Pendleton is suitably smarmy, but he was going the others one better by forgetting not only his accent but also his lines. Maria Tucci, as Alexandra, is (as always) a typically nasal ingenue, with a range extending from adenoids to tonsilitis. She is simply dripping with fake, lacrimose sincerity. As the Negro housekeeper, Beah Richards gives a glittering, finely honed performance, but here Mike Nichols, the director, makes his first error in updating the play. These turn-of-the century Negro servants are not supposed to be undercover agents for SNCC, and turning them into that makes their ruthless exploiters seem less antipathetic.

Supremely clever as Mike Nichols is with bright, brittle comedy, here he is out of his element. He has tried again to rely on cleverness, keeping the volume ominously low through most of the outbursts (and thus making things weaker instead of subtler, for subtlety is not in this script), and he has borrowed a device from Orson Welles of having characters talk over one another's lines (which does not help, either, because it occurs during moments of vehemence and nastiness in which the author is at her best and should be heard). At times, Nichols introduces a good comic touch, as when Leo is pushed into Horace's empty wheelchair and scoots upstage in it, but the main thing in a play of this kind, solid ensemble playing, he has not been able to elicit. Horace's death, in which a man dying of heart failure performs the prodigious feat of climbing a steep stairway, is sheer directorial nonsense, but may have been necessitated by the open stage and the set design—if Horace had been on the top of the stairs, as intended, he would have been hidden from half the audience.

But, on the whole, I would not blame Howard Bay's set, which is decent enough, and greatly enhanced by Patricia Zipprodt's tastefully inventive costumes. As a woman remarked to her escort during the second intermission, "Look, there's Mike Nichols! He is brilliant, just brilliant! Did he direct this play?" I had been asking myself the same question. And also "Why?" JOHN SIMON

CHAIN GANGS AND SUBWAYS

THE SCREEN

I am sure Emerson didn't have anything like "Cool Hand Luke" in mind when the American poet-essayist wrote, "What are heroes, prophets, men but pipes through which the breath of Pan doth blow a momentary music." Emerson didn't say that heroes and men are particularly smart, but that they are inspired and plucky. Luke isn't smart, but he's a fighter, a non-conforming individualist, an iconoclast. Sentenced, after wrecking parking meters on a drunken spree, to two years on a chain gang on a Southern prison farm, Luke fights not only the chain gang leader, who beats him up badly before becoming his buddy, but also the Establishment, the guards who beat him brutally and punish him again and again. And once this brash, freedom-loving, high-spirited prisoner becomes the idol of the chain gang, he goes on and on determined to live up to his reputation even if it kills him—and it does.

If "Cool Hand Luke" weren't so well made, it could have become just another chain-gang picture with a lot of resentful and cowed prisoners and viciously cruel guards. Instead, "Luke" has been well produced by Gordon Carroll and has the advantages of Conrad Hall's lovely color photography of the countryside (so lovely in fact that it makes the restrictions of the chain gang even greater punishment), a good script by Donn Pearce (who wrote

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Shop by Mail—

Give Commonweal

for Christmas

For the friend who likes good reading Commonweal is the ideal Christmas present. For you it involves no problems of size or color, no problems of shopping, wrapping or delivery. A word from you and we'll help you avoid all this. At Christmas a handsome gift card will go to your friend. Then throughout the coming year Commonweal will arrive as an enjoyable reminder of your thoughtfulness and taste.

This year we will also send recipients of new Christmas subscriptions the highly appropriate special issue on the Problem of Jesus if you will indicate your wishes on the attached form. Nine dollars for the first gift subscription, seven dollars for each additional "sub," with two dollars for extra postage outside the U. S. and Canada.

COMMONWEAL 212-MU 3-2042
232 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016
Please send Commonweal for one year and the special issue on Jesus Christ ☐ Now ☐ at Christmas to:

Name .....
Address .....
City, State, Zip .....
Send gift card to me ☐ for me ☐ Renewal ☐

Name .....
Address .....
City, State, Zip .....
Send gift card to me ☐ for me ☐ Renewal ☐

MY NAME .....
Address .....
City, State, Zip .....
$.....enclosed ☐ Bill me later

12/1/67

the original novel) and Frank R. Pierson, the excellent direction of Stuart Rosenberg, and a large, mostly male cast headed by Paul Newman. As Luke, Newman gives his strongest and most appealing performance to date. He succeeds in conveying the man's passion for freedom, but along with this vigorous driving force, Newman also gives Luke a warm sense of humor and an almost sad understanding of his responsibility, or *noblesse oblige,* to continue his position as the anti-Establishment hero. I think it's a mistake for the film to present Luke at times as a Christlike figure. Luke is not very bright, and in a way his pride leads to his downfall and tragic ending.

"Cool Hand Luke" also succeeds in presenting a strong argument against the chain-gang penal system, an argument, however, that could have been stronger if the guards had been portrayed without such extreme sadism in their brutal treatment of Luke. At times they become near-caricatures. The prisoners are very well done, by George Kennedy, Lou Antonio, and many others, to all of whom Luke becomes the heroic symbol. And in one short, moving scene, Jo Van Fleet is first-rate as Luke's dying mother who adds to our understanding of Luke, the kind of man who would have got a great deal of pleasure out of knowing that he would become a legend, a folk hero to the downtrodden he left behind.

Also having much to say about heroism and the lack of it is "The Incident," a movie which I'm sure means to say more that it does. I suppose Nicholas E. Baehr, who wrote the script from his own TV play which shocked home audiences in 1963, intends to imply that most people are just people and cowards at heart when the chips are down. In any case, he gathers some 15 people in a Bronx-to-Times Square subway car late one night and shows them being terrorized by a couple of drunk, psychopathic hoods. Before we get into this car, however, we are introduced not only to the two vicious punks in a brutal hold-up scene, but also to their victims who are going to be terrorized on this long ride. The main trouble with Baehr's screenplay is that it is contrived, and most of the passengers are already so loaded with problems that you never find yourself among them. The bickering Jewish couple, the young couple quarreling about the girl's refusal to give in to the boy, the Negro couple quarreling because of the husband's bitter hatred of whites, the couple with the baby quarreling about their not being able to afford a taxi home, the party-attending couple quarreling because of the husband's incompetence along many lines, the homosexual, the ex-alcoholic, the two soldiers on leave—these are our passengers and when the hoods join them and sadistically pick them off two-by-two or one-by-one, no one stands up against the assailants.

Why? Cowards? Don't get involved? Don't care? Director Larry Peerce doesn't tell us. But he does lead us through scenes as violent as any that the movies have displayed. That the passengers could have ganged up on the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

hoods, or that anyone could have pulled the alarm cord seems to be farthest from the minds of these sluggish subway riders. Only as the train is approaching 42nd Street does one hit back and put the boys in their place in this 107-minute exercise of violence-for-violence's sake. While some of the roles are well played, the roles themselves are such cliché types that one never believes in any of these people. I'm not sure what the moral is: stay out of the subways, or who needs movies like this?

PHILIP T. HARTUNG

BOOKS

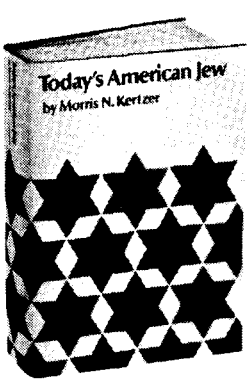
Critics' Choices for Christmas

DENNIS HALE

Either there is something wrong with my reading habits, or the publishing world is going to hell in a handbasket. Looking through my books, I find only three of "great value" published in 1967, and two of these are reissues. Franz Fanon's *Black Skin, White Masks* (Grove, $5) was published in French in 1952, and is by far the best of his works to be translated into English. If it is the curse of modern man to be enslaved by race, Fanon resisted under the most trying circumstances: *Black Skin, White Masks* is a discussion of the curse by a man sorely tempted. Toward the end of his life Fanon would be known as the philosopher of "negritude," but only after six years of barbaric warfare had bled him of everything except faith in the mythic *Volk*. He should also be remembered as the humanist and rationalist that he was: "I should be very happy," he wrote in 1952, "to know that a correspondence had flourished between some Negro philosopher and Plato. But I can absolutely not see how this fact would change anything in the lives of the 8-year-old children who labor in the cane fields of Martinique. . . ." It is welcome leaven to the rather heavy quality of contemporary debate.

So is *Division Street: America,* by Studs Terkel (Pantheon, $5.95), 380 pages of interviews with Chicagoans of every variety. It is encouraging to see that the poor and the afflicted have a rather precise notion of what's troubling them; and if they are still confused about solutions (although not as much as we are led to believe), they at least

"Modern, witty, wise and richly American...very little on the American Jewish scene not touched upon." —Sam Levenson



What's it really like to be a Jew in America? Unless like Morris N. Kertzer, you've traveled widely and talked openly and freely with Jews all over the country you may have no idea. The remarkable diversity of their lives, their talk and their thoughts will surprise Jews and non-Jews alike.
Assimilation, for example. Is it a hope or a threat? Ask the congregations of a reform temple in Texas and an Orthodox "shul" in Brooklyn and you'll get a dozen different answers. The same is true on all vital issues, from Israel to inter-marriage, from child-rearing to fund-raising. Dr. Kertzer's intimate lively report will be an eye-opener whatever your religion or views—and may answer questions or doubts of your own.
"Stimulating, controversial, bittersweet . . . the way things are."—*Publishers' Weekly*

TODAY'S AMERICAN JEW
by Morris N. Kertzer
Author of *What Is A Jew?* $6.50

"Yaël Dayan is an extraordinary young writer..."

"She is talented, sensitive, superbly intelligent. Her novel, *DEATH HAD TWO SONS* explains the inner conflicts of Israel today with astonishing insight and compassion. Her *ISRAEL JOURNAL* combines the perceptions of a woman reporter's eye and a woman's heart: It will become a classic." —*Leon Uris*

DEATH HAD TWO SONS
A novel of two generations. $4.95
ISRAEL JOURNAL, JUNE 1967
An in-the-field account of the recent conflict. $4.95
Both by Yaël Dayan

AT ALL BOOKSTORES
McGRAW-HILL

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

understand the problem, which puts them way ahead of most social critics. Particularly enlightening is the story, told by the victims, of how the academic community, the social work establishment, and the city fathers united to replace a Negro neighborhood on the South Side with a campus of the University of Illinois, being careful to preserve the ancient Hull House building where, 50 years ago, Jane Addams devised the mechanics of modern social work.

Murray Kempton's *Part of Our Time: Some Monuments and Ruins of the Thirties* (Delta, $1.95) is also a reissue, originally published in 1955. I recommend it to anyone who still wonders why there is a "new left" in this country.

Finally, my nomination for the Book Most Worthy of Republication in 1968 is G. K. Chesterton's *What I Saw in America.* (Dodd, Mead, 1922). Some weeks ago, a *Commonweal* reviewer noted, sadly, that Chesterton had become irrelevant. While this may be true of some of his zanier theories (e.g., women's suffrage), it is not, I think, true of his basic orientation, and *What I Saw in America* remains one of the best books ever written about the United States. It is also a most vigorous defense of democracy against the onslaughts of industrial civilization, and in this decade of riot and urban decay nothing could be more relevant. A great gulf of disaster and disillusionment separates us from the Chesterton of 1922; all the more reason to try to understand the man who could write that "freedom is an eagle, whose glory is gazing at the sun."

RICHARD HAYES

Two chronicles: Virgil Thomson's *Music Reviewed: 1940-1954* (Vintage, $1.95) and Harold Clurman's *The Naked Image* (Macmillan, $6.50) offer more than that "acknowledged model of [journalistic] critical procedure" to which Mr. Thomson's publisher alludes. At once heady and secure, they admit into their harmoniously volatile play of mind analysis, reflection and spontaneity. The "sass and class" Mr. Thomson manifests in his prose—"Free Love, Socialism and Why Girls Leave Home" is his title for a commentary on Charpentier's *Louise*; of Debussy's Melisande, he observes with finality: "A lonely girl with a floating libido and no malice toward anyone can cause lots of trouble in a well-organized family"—find their analogue in Mr. Clurman's informing sense that "he who only theatre knows knows not theatre." (Of the dither-dribble consequent upon the *Marat/Sade* event, he remarks: "Do *you* go to the theatre to enjoy 'the use of space?' ") In the contemporary slaughterhouse of critical journalism, rampant with gleeful, gut-gouging Messiahs, Messrs. Thomson and Clurman are almost a poignant—certainly a bitter—reminder of the desiccating cost of our failed power to imagine (Mr. Thomson speaks of it) "what people's lives could possibly have been like before theirs [i.e. *ours*] began."

Woods and Words: Henry Hope Reed's walking tours of New York have so long been much the most inspiriting part of this city's Sundays (not far behind their London counterparts in dismaying blah) that his concrete, portable *Central Park: A History and a Guide* (Clarkson N. Potter, $5) is a refreshment and a consolation. No surrogate for his free-wheeling presence, it is yet a lovingly tempered restoration to public awareness of one of the few still lovable realities in New York's evermore-nastily-unlovable "urban environment." Amiable eccentrics will be glad to learn from the copious appendices that the selective Yellow-bellied Sapsucker restricts its migratory appearances to early April, while the even more selective Aaron's Beard—*Hypericum calycinum*—makes a vagrant yellow flowering between Aug. 10-20.

The late Wilson Follett rambled through words, not woods, but with no less passionate a vigilance and discrimination than Mr. Reed: his *Modern American Usage* (Hill & Wang, $7.50) —"American to the marrow," as he wished it—has been completed by Jacques Barzun in concert with verbal peers of almost an awesome *magisterium.* Fowler's wildly endearing linguistic freaks have been rinsed away—a good thing, in my view—and though Follett indulges a few caprices of his own, the command of *Modern American Usage* is seductive as well as tonic: a shower of astringent precision. Systematic recourse to it might even, God willing—or shall we say *hopefully*—eliminate the odious and intolerable *hopefully*. It is not an irrelevance that the physical elegance of this book as a publisher's artifact complements its sustaining elegance of mind. Not least, though last: two novels of eminent visibility, sly and pawky in wit, exhilarating personal vindications: Wilfrid Sheed's *Office Politics* (Farrar, Straus, $4.95), with its agile escape from traps of the *roman à clef,* the blanching actuality of its central portrait, its sinuous rendering of the landscape of domestic aphasia; and Walker Percy's *The Last Gentleman* (Farrar, Straus, $5.95), muscular yet easy with that unique Southern grace under pressure (hard-won), alive everywhere with what Stark Young called "a dim, sweet echo of bright lances broken, if you like foolishly, in some tragic combination of chivalry and exhaustion."

SAUL MALOFF

Justice Hunter and Nine Stories. By Meyer Liben. (Dial Press, $4.50) For me, the sleeper of the year; but I must make a point of the pronoun because Liben is a very special sort of writer who will appeal to a special audience—as to which, witness the fact that, despite powerful support from prestigious writers and critics, the book died silently, sent to its eternal repose to the accompaniment of a small chorus of melancholy murmurs and the vast indifference of everybody else.

Liben, who is himself of the '30's, evokes the decade as no one else has—without sentimentality, though with a wry, ironic, loving nostalgia; and thereby joins Henry Roth and Daniel Fuchs and very few others in the tiniest of literary enclaves. Liben is marvelous in recreating the tone and texture of what would later come to be known as interpersonal relations in a time when a man wanted first to know a girl's politics be-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fore he felt it right—or "correct," as amorous Marxists would have said—to fall in love with her. If I were the weeping sort, I'd have wept my way through Liben from start to finish, in odd moments when he wasn't breaking me up.

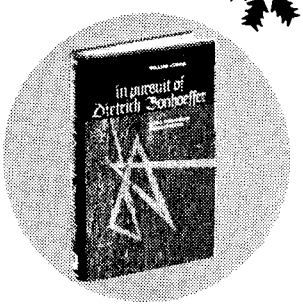
The Prisoners of Quai Dong. By Victor Kolpakoff. (New American Library, $4.95) What is most striking about this first novel is that so young a writer as Kolpakoff (who is still in his 20s) should have succeeded, with so few lapses, in sustaining the charged, laconic tone to maintaining the fable's moral tensions—to prevent its collapsing into stridency, hysteria and overblown rhetoric. Nearly the entire action unfolds in a small machine-shed, in an American military prison in Vietnam, where a suspected Viet Cong guerrilla undergoes the brutal rigors of "interrogation" and refuses to yield. Kolpakoff's high achievement lies in holding the Americans in close, clear, harsh focus; observing them unrelentingly as they act and react. In plotting the tiny moral squiggles of the central character—the "good" American who hates what he observes but who is, in despite of himself, deeply inculpated in the drama he strives to shut out of his consciousness, and, therefore, responsibility. He does not collapse, morally speaking, *in a heap*; he gives way inch by inch, slowly, reluctantly, at terrible cost. But he does yield. After all, what can one man do?

Kolpakoff presses the most urgent questions of our time in history: What is guilt? Who is guilty? What are the choices? His hand falters slightly, especially near the end (how *does* one end such a novel as this?); but not enough critically to damage a stunning first novel. No (to anticipate the question), Kolpakoff has never been in Vietnam, which fact—not in the least paradoxically, it seems to me—serves to enhance the concreteness and actuality—the imaginative truth—of his moral fable.

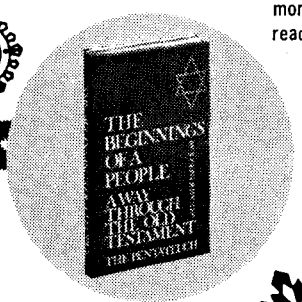
The author of *The Green Berets*, on the other hand, was there. Perhaps we must consider the possibility that only the morally and spiritually defeated can write truthfully of war; and in that sense, Kolpakoff shows, we have already lost this hideous war to an unreckonable

FIVE THOUGHTFUL WAYS TO SAY HAPPY CHRISTMAS!

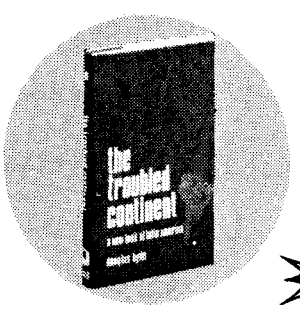
Few things say "Happy Christmas" more thoughtfully than these five just-published books from Pflaum Press. Give one, or give all five. You'll start a lot of thought . . . get a lot of thanks. And don't forget yourself on your Christmas list.



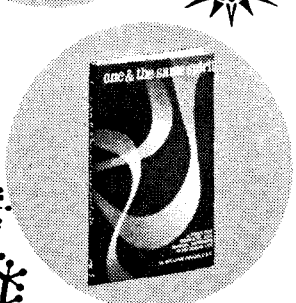
1. In Pursuit of Dietrich Bonhoeffer by William Kuhns. Foreword by Eberhard Bethge.
Death at the hands of the Nazis didn't silence Bonhoeffer. His ideas about faith, religion and Christianity have deeply influenced such men as the authors of Honest to God and The Secular City. In Pursuit of Dietrich Bonhoeffer—the first book on Bonhoeffer by a Catholic—is a lucid exploration of the provocative theologian whose major concern was to rescue Christianity from a fatal irrelevance. More and more people talk about Bonhoeffer. You'll see why when you read this book. $6.75



2. The Beginnings of a People by Joseph Rhymer.
The very core of Christianity is fascinatingly unfolded in this clear-cut, easy-to-read analysis of salvation history as recorded in the first five books of the Old Testament. The author concentrates on the meaning of the Exodus and Covenant and skillfully shows their relevance to Christianity today. One reviewer wrote: ". . . to read this book is to feel the thrill of discovery." $4.75



3. The Troubled Continent by Douglas Hyde.
What is really happening in Latin America? What must we do—now—to cope with the explosive problems there? As a former Communist, the author is especially articulate about the living conditions that carry the seeds of violent revolution. As a Catholic, he does not shrink from pointing out areas where the Church has been delinquent.
Illustrated. $5.95



4. One and The Same Spirit by Rev. William Hogan, C.S.C. Here's a perfect gift for the forgotten men and women in religious life: the domestic and manual workers. Showing that the renewal in the Church applies to them, too, the author probes the true meaning of witness, work and community, the place of liturgy and the often neglected question of professional formation. This is a fresh, practical book. Be sure to include it on your gift list. $4.50

5. The Third Horseman, A Study of World Poverty and Hunger, by Rev. Gabriel Bowe, O.P. Foreword by Sargent Shriver. A penetrating analysis of world conditions, particularly the problems of poverty, food shortage and the worldwide emergence of the welfare state. With the encyclical, *The Development of Peoples as a starting point*, (full text is printed as an appendix) the book is especially valuable in its treatment of modern capitalism and Marxism. Many charts and graphs add to the usefulness of the book.
At your bookstore: $5.95

PFLAUM PRESS
38 WEST FIFTH STREET
DAYTON, OHIO 45402

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DO PRIESTS

- Cut Ribbons at Civic Affairs?
- Wrestle with Bookkeeping?
- Balance the Budget?
- Shuffle Papers?

Let's face it. There are some things that *have* to be done. In that we differ from no other priest.

But — the Paulist feels he can rise above the everyday tasks that must be done. Because he is an individual and is treated accordingly, he is free to develop his own innate talents to achieve his goals. Individuality is the keynote of the Paulists. We depend on the individual to make his own unique contribution. We welcome it. We all profit by it.

The Paulist is a modern man, free from stifling formalism, a pioneer in using contemporary mediums and techniques to be of service to God and man.

If you are interested in making a greater contribution with your life as a priest write to the Paulists today for a special aptitude test designed to help determine if you are of priestly caliber.

National Vocations Director

PAULIST FATHERS

Room 105A

415 West 59th Street New York, N. Y. 10019

depth—by which I mean something very close to Mary McCarthy's brilliant, unbearable remark that the worst thing that can happen to this country is that it "win" this war. And perhaps it is just as true that they will write best of the war who were not there—who will be compelled to close the immense moral and physical distance by straining the will and imagination to the breaking point.

Last Reflections on a War. By Bernard B. Fall. (Doubleday, $4.95) Bernard Fall's posthumous book (with a preface by his widow) is a collection of fugitive magazines pieces, some scholarly essays, a few talks, both previously published and unpublished. As early as 1952-53, when Vietnam was merely a remote French battleground which hardly existed in the American consciousness, Fall, then a French citizen working on a doctoral dissertation in an American university, went to Vietnam to gather material, and thereupon commenced what he called a "bad love affair" with that country which lasted to the final day of his life. The book contains some useful "papers" on Vietnamese history and economics such as a professor might deliver to a literate general audience (Fall was a professor of politics and diplomatic history at Howard University), and some highly professional articles and talks on the strategy and tactics of "insurgency" and "counterinsurgency," and other military matters.

In fact, what is most arresting about the book, as about Fall's career, is that he was, in some strange and complicated way, half in love with war. (I must here give assurances that I am weighing carefully exactly what I am saying; and I am *not* psychologizing, or being "literary.") At the age of 16, he was a maquis in the French Resistance. (Though born in Vienna, he was raised a Frenchman in France, and lost both his parents to the Nazis.) And after that, he remained, though a civilian and an academician, a "professional" of war, submitting, one feels, to what must be called the "mystique" of war—hardly a rare phenomenon. Fall wrote expertly of war—of Dien Bien Phu, and the Viet Minh, and "The Street Without Joy"—that terrible battle zone of both the French and the American invasions which was, by one of those fated, haunting "accidents" of life and war, the scene of his death. The book allows us to observe Fall's feelings and ideas in mid-passage—from a kind of cool, professional, almost detached interest (a "war-games" professor considering an interesting if knotty problem) to a growing, deepening malaise of the spirit, a sinking sadness and rising nausea as he witnessed the genocidal devastation of the culture, people and landscape of his beloved Vietnam.

The Sense of an Ending. By Frank Kermode. (Oxford, $5.75) A closely-argued though free-wheeling inquiry into the sense of the "apocalyptic"—the distinguishing sense of "ending"—in modern literature, art and ideas. Kermode, everywhere displaying marvelous virtuosity and range, is dazzling though never flashy; he continually illuminates an area blighted by so much rubbish laid on by so many stubby, aggrandizing fingers, now that the key idea—"apocalypse"—has become common coin in the mass magazines and glossies, where fools and knaves, actively engaged in evacuating the language of meaning and seriousness, come on big by voiding ideas they're not old enough to be let near. To try to summarize Kermode's rather short book is inevitably to lose its richness; and in this book it is the richness of texture and reference—the detail and asides—that affords the greatest pleasure. He is one of the very few literary theorists at work these days who is sometimes "difficult" because he is authentically subtle, rather than fake-subtle, fake-difficult.

A Personal Anthology. By Jorge Luis Borges. (Grove Press, $5.00) This rather slight selection from the body of his work was put together by the Argentinean writer himself; and though he excludes some of my own favorites, the anthology will nonetheless serve as an introduction—for readers to whom he is merely, or not even, a vague name—to the achievement of a writer who is nearly indescribable, and certainly without compare. Borges compels the critical term "minor," but in the high sense that, say, Abraham Cowley is a minor poet—an analogy Borges himself uses by way

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of placing himself in literary history.

One of his volumes bears the title "Ficciones," but the English word "fiction" would be entirely misleading. A typical Borges tale (that, too, is a misleading term—let us evade by saying "construction") employs fictional modes together with those of the personal essay; arcane erudition grounded in pseudo-history and personal myth; metaphysical speculation; the imagery of dream, phantasmagoria and nightmare—all of a labyrinthean intricacy ("Labyrinths" is the title of another of his volumes as well as a commanding and recurring metaphor). Borges is an exquisite—remote, icy, Mandarin, Byzantine, arrogant, uncompromising—an aristocratic Latin-American of the generation whose spiritual home was the Paris of pure aestheticism and the religion of art; and he has never yielded an inch.

Children of Crisis. By Robert Coles. (Little, Brown, $8.50) Robert Coles, a psychiatrist by profession and a humanist to his marrow, conducted a study of some of the Negro children who were among the first to desegregate Southern schools following the Supreme Court decision. In order to reach their sensibilities and the remoter places of their being, Coles employed techniques such as any psychiatrist might—among others, getting the kids to crayon their sense of themselves and their relation to their appalling experience. Some of the pictures are reproduced in the book, and they will break perhaps 53 percent of American hearts; or whatever the backlash polls read these days.

So will the rest of Coles' book. He writes as a scientist and an immensely sensitive and uncannily observant one; but he writes also out of love and compassion—no, fellow-feeling and deep implication. The book is really about the un-experience of being Negro, or some aspects of it—for Coles' purpose is to seek out the small incisions we make upon the spirit and psyche, first one, and then another, and then another, again and again, until the spirit is mortally wounded, and the scars will not heal. With one more Coles, and one more Paul Goodman, and someone to take the late A. J. Muste's place, we may yet win a victory one of these days. And remembering Muste reminds one that, shortly after his death this year, a selection of his essays and occasional pieces was published, edited by his biographer Nat Hentoff.

MARTIN E. MARTY

Fad and fashion dictate that critics should put down all lavish books as non-books. I refuse to do this with *Wilderness Kingdom* (Holt, Rinehart & Winston, $17.95; later, $21.95). Seldom have editors and publishers worked together with such a passion for perfection. But the real credit for the book goes to a Jesuit Indian missionary of the 1840s, Father Nicolas Point, whose journals and paintings make up most of the book. Joseph P. Donnelly, S.J., brought them to light and edited the materials. I put the book on the coffee-table, where non-books belong. Our family devoured it.

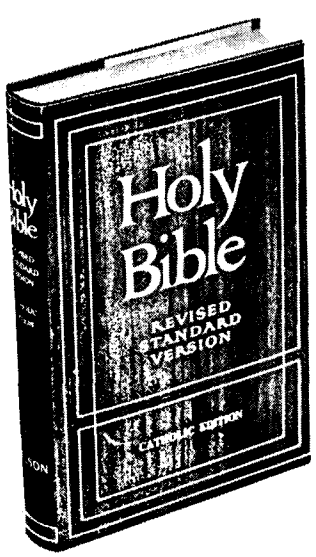
Still in an antique and rustic mood:

Give friends and loved ones the gift that grows in value every day . . .

THE HOLY BIBLE

Revised Standard Version

Catholic Edition



No other gift is quite so thoughtful or welcome as the magnificent Catholic Edition of the Revised Standard Version Bible. Hailed by the clergy and laity alike, this edition brings the benefits of modern scholarship to the Scriptures, as well as the beauty, clarity and dignity characteristic of English-language Bibles for over four hundred years.

Prepared with the warm encouragement of the Church, beautifully bound and printed in clear, readable type. An unsurpassed source of guidance and inspiration for Catholics throughout the year . . . a cherished gift for Christmas, confirmations, birthdays and other occasions.

From the foreword by Richard Cardinal Cushing, Archbishop of Boston:

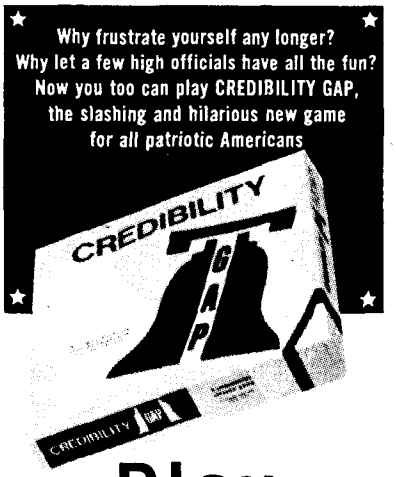
"For many years it was the hope of many that a Bible common to all Christians would be produced. Only love could bring this about. The spirit of charity nurtured this hope and here is the result inspired by the ideals of Christian unity."

THE HOLY BIBLE, containing the Old and New Testaments. Self-pronouncing text. Explanatory notes. 1280 pages. *Imprimatur*

9000—Maroon cloth over boards. $6.50
9007—Black genuine leather, gold edges. $12.50

Order from your local bookseller
THOMAS NELSON & SONS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED


Why frustrate yourself any longer?
Why let a few high officials have all the fun?
Now you too can play CREDIBILITY GAP,
the slashing and hilarious new game
for all patriotic Americans
CREDIBILITY
GAP

Play

CREDIBILITY GAP

Many Americans suspect that a few important officials in Washington have been having a grand old time tossing out fibs on every conceivable topic. If you're one of these Americans, here at last is your chance to join in the fun.

This fast moving game, invented by two angry professors, permits you to uncover an entertaining variety of bureaucratic untruths and win your way to the Truth Vault.

What's in the box? Two sets of cards — a Citizens' playing deck and an Administration pack of lies, 4 liberty-bell counters, 90 truth trophies, dice, rules and a colorful game board richly sprinkled with amusing inscriptions.

Pleasantly competitive? Yes! **Strategy?** Of course. **Adult?** Very! — yet simple enough for a 13-year old to enjoy as well. Two, three or four can play individually or as teams. Anyone can come from behind to win with dramatic suddenness. Game time: 30 to 90 minutes.

Price, $5.95 **Unconditionally guaranteed.** Smile and chuckle over the game for a week. Then, if you can bear to part with it, return it and we'll send back all your money.

AMHERST GAME COMPANY
Box 5, South Pleasant Street
Amherst, Mass. 01002

Gentlemen: I enclose $5.95 plus 55¢ for packaging and shipping. Send immediately my CREDIBILITY GAP game. If I so desire, I'll send it back at the end of a week and receive prompt refund in full.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

☐ GIFT IDEA: Enclose $16.95 and we'll send three copies of Credibility Gap — all shipping costs paid by us. You save $2.55. Same refund guarantee.

CL 1

Frederick Law Olmsted's *Walks and Talks of an American Farmer in England* recounts his trip to England in 1850; the University of Michigan Press has republished the book ($7.50). Olmsted, a father of park-planning in America, is a hobby for me; we even bought an old home in a town he designed and the home provided a proper setting for a reading of this not very urgent book.

Time to turn responsible: Jürgen Moltmann's *The Theology of Hope* (Harper & Row, $8.50) is one of the more significant works of Protestant theology in a decade and points ways beyond secular and death-of-God theology. Because of its portrayal of "God's gravemerry man" as a type, I would like to call attention to Hugo Rahner's *Man at Play* (Herder & Herder, $3.50); this is a short essay in the mode of Huizinga's *Homo Ludens* but with more Christian application. Just to show that the year has not meant all play and no work, I should report that I have worked long with Paul Ricoeur's *The Symbolism of Evil* (Harper & Row, $8.50); Ricoeur, as an influence on socio-philosophico-theology impresses me more than most, but I do not read him with ease.

In my own field I have profited most from reading and arguing with Alan Heimert's *Religion and the American Mind* (Harvard University Press, $12.50)—the only book in this list published last year. I read it last year and studied it this year; it offers an off-beat interpretation of American religion in the pre-Revolutionary years. Heimert, who does research and writing in the learned manner of his mentor Perry Miller, revises the roles of conservatives and liberals in relation to Revolutionary thought and some old stereotypes may go. Finally, there are some good "evenings off" for historians and others in the mature and urbane essays on historiography by a senior in his profession, Henry Steele Commager, collected in *The Search for a Usable Past* (Knopf, $6.95).

ALICE MAYHEW

A New Catechism: Catholic Faith for Adults. (Herder & Herder, $6) The copyright page carried only the original Dutch Imprimatur for the edition that was commissioned by the Netherlands hierarchy, but by all reports this English translation is selling very well anyhow. In a splendid translation by Kevin Smyth, this is bound to be one of the most influential books of the day. No question and answers, not neatly propositional, no sin-oriented morality, not guilt-ridden, the Catechism admits unashamedly that there are gaps in our knowledge, and that we can accept this, that there are things we don't know, that the Faith evolves. The writers treat Faith, not as theology, but as experience and acceptance, concrete and culturally oriented. It enlightens, deepens, raises the spirits. It should have illustrations by Sister Corita.

House of Bondage. By Ernest Cole. (Ridge Press, Random House, $10) Ernest Cole is a young South African black man who taught himself photography and then spent five years, 1960 to 1965, photographing how his fellow Africans live in this "rubbish country," as a black woman called it to the New York *Times* reporter who writes the Introduction to this utterly remarkable photographic essay. Impossible for me to describe this book, these searing pictures, this devastating nightmare, and the shame (and for our own country, too) that it evokes. The white *baas,* as Cole remarks, carries only one image around with him all his life—"that of the docile native, the submissive, ignorant, obsequious black." But Cole himself has forever spoiled that uniformity. He has pictured everything —schools, hospitals, native townships, slums, the white man's servants' quarters, the cattle-car trains, the mines, crimes, the omnipresent segregation notices, street urchins, adult drunks, fat and undernourished women servants; a bored, distracted, violent, cynical, snarling, lonely and weeping people. Do you know that *apartheid* is extended into the sea to the 3-mile limit? As a chronicle, this is in a class with *Let Us Now Praise Famous Men.* It can not fail to change the looker. Please look at these pictures.

Disraeli. By Robert Blake (St. Martin's Press, $12.50) Robert Blake's elegantly written political biography of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Disraeli is fascinating history and epochal portraiture. It is very long, but Blake's narrative skill and the style and variety of the Great Man sees one through. A. J. P. Taylor wrote in the *New Statesman* that, "Certainly whether Disraeli was honest or not, he has found an honest biographer." Add that a witty and urban politician has found a biographer with a light touch.

Earthly Paradise: Colette's Autobiography, drawn from the writings of her lifetime. Robert Phelps (ed.) (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $6.95) One more plug for this book, even though it's last year's. My motives are above board; it's a magnificent book that shows off Colette's work, and its relation to her tender, gallant and eccentric life, and the relation of that life to France and to French literature, and the relation of France and French literature to the humanity and the poetry in ourselves.

Three Modernists: Alfred Loisy, George Tyrrell, William L. Sullivan. By John Ratté. (Sheed & Ward, $6.95) Prof. Ratté's book is graceful proof that scholarship and literacy can be happily joined. This study of three very different personalities, a French cleric, an English Jesuit, and an American Paulist, out of the turn-of-the-century crisis of confidence is solidly researched, well organized and not bogged down in jargon and academic apparatus. The nineteenth-century intellectuality of Loisy and Tyrrell; the personal agony of Sullivan, brought them into a confrontation and an open break with a frightened Catholicism. The Vatican committed itself to a policy of overkill. (Once only Protestant critics asked the question, "Was it really essential, in order to get rid of Loisy and his group, that the Vatican should thus arraign the whole movement of modern thought?") Those charged with the task of keeping order in the house saw it, as Professor Ratté points out, defensively: *the preservation of the faith.* Dogmatically held, it overrode everything. This is not a blueprint parallel for today's tests—despite right-wing bandying of "modernist"—but it is delightful and interesting reading.

BERNARD MURCHLAND

Principles and Persons. By Frederick A. Olafson. (Johns Hopkins Press, $7.50) Sub-titled "An Ethical Interpretation of Existentialism," Prof. Olafson's book is important for at least three reasons. First of all, it is a serious, well thought out work of scholarship. Secondly, it concentrates on and clarifies one of the fuzziest aspects of existential thinking, namely the ethical aspect. Finally, it furnishes a comprehensive historical perspective. Existentialism is not an isolated phenomenon. It is related to other modes of contemporary thought (e.g., the emotive theory in ethics) and has its roots in a long tradition. Specifically. Prof. Olafson endeavors to show that existentialism derives from the voluntaristic tradition in Western philosophy. Thus Sartre and Heidegger are in important respects philosophical kinfolk of Augustine, Ockham, Descartes, Kant and Nietzsche. An illuminating and coherent study.

The Drama of Vatican II. By Henri

CONTRACEPTIVE BIRTH CONTROL

A SPECIAL ISSUE OF **INSIGHT**

INTERDISCIPLINARY STUDIES OF MAN

CONTENTS OF FALL '67 ISSUE. Editorial: Man's Responsibility to Man—Responsible Parenthood and The Evolving Family of Man • Standing Room Only • Population Growth and Economic and Social Development • Birth Control and the Biology of the Reproductive Act • The Sexual Revolution. Its Nature and Import • Authority, Usury and Contraception • Catholic Doctrinal Continuity and Change • Vatican II, Contraception and Christian Marriage • Philosophical Analysis of the Catholic Moral Problem of Contraception • The Puzzled Catholic • Questions for the Counselor •

QUARTERLY · $1.50 per copy $5.00 per year *$2.50 special introductory offer*

You get this *special issue* FREE by ordering a one-year subscription now at $2.50 (half the regular rate)

Order from: INSIGHT, Quincy College, (Dept. L)
Quincy, Illinois 62301
(Please send payment with order)

INSIGHT presents scholarly papers that INTERRELATE the Behavioral Sciences, Philosophy, Theology and Art for a deeper understanding of man.
INSIGHT stimulates *interprofessional* and *interfaith dialogue* on the problems of man and leads toward a more integrated and realistic concept of him.

Subscribe now, and receive the special issue on Contraceptive Birth Control.

Please enter my subscription to INSIGHT for one year at $2.50 (half the regular rate). Also send FREE copy of Fall '67 special issue.

Name_____

Street_____

City, State_____ Zip_____

Payment enclosed $_____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Fesquet. (Random House, $15.00) Fesquet's access to special sources of information and lively reportorial style combine with a kene theological sense to make this the most comprehensive and one of the most interesting reports on the Council to date. He sees the Council primarily as a dramatic confrontation of ideas. Like many modern dramas it was inconclusive but highly suggestive. The eventual outcome of what took place during those four years is impossible to predict at the present time. But Fesquet convincingly argues that a "new Catholicism" is in the making.

The Death of God Debate. Edited by Jackson Lee Ice and John J. Carey. (The Westminster Press, $2.65) This book might be described as another dramatic confrontation of ideas with no predictable outcome. "The death of God" has a secure place in our theological lexicon but this volume is inaccurately presented as the "definitive debate." A helpful discussion, to be sure, but nothing final. The editors offer the reader a varied fare. Their book includes some dozen critical articles, a section of letters to William Hamilton and Thomas Altizer and original essays by the principals in the controversy. My chief criticism of the death of God movement is that its presuppositions have not yet been satisfactorily unearthed. What lies behind its emergence? What is *really* the issue here? A more thorough-going historical and logical critique remains a desideratum.

The Cat. By Georges Simenon. (Harcourt, Brace & World, $4.50) A fine psychological novel which explores the inevitability, perverseness and, withal, the dignity of the love relationship. The deepest human emotions more often than not thrive on trivia. Simenon portrays an old couple wreaking vengeance upon one another with intense passion because years ago each had killed the other's pet. This theme could easily get out of hand. But Simenon, a master of the psychological thriller, keeps a tight rein on it. He plots the stages of this love-hate relationship with the calculative sureness of a computer. But underneath the frosty surface, *The Cat* throbs with compassion and illuminates the ancient theme that love, in one form or another, conquers all.

Language and Silence. By George Steiner. (Atheneum, $8) Mr. Steiner's general concerns are language, literature and the inhuman. We are invited to ponder the fact that "the space-time continum of relativity, the atomic structure of all matter, the wave-particle state of energy are no longer accessible through the word. Reality now begins outside of verbal language." Steiner is given to passionate overstatement but as he probes a wide range of subjects he succeeds in deepening our awareness. One puts down his book with the impression that things may not be as bad as he says they are but they are bad enough. In Steiner, intensity rather often goes hand in hand with insight.

JOHN SIMON

Louis MacNeice's *The Strings are False* (Oxford, $6) is a witty wistful, manly and humane autobiography, the work as much of a good man as of a good poet. It is a pity that the book remains a fragment, or, rather, several fragments fused with finesse by Prof. E. R. Dodds (himself the author of one of the most honest love poems in the English language), but it may actually gain in poignancy by remaining unfinished—as does Schubert's symphony. The book has the quality of MacNeice's loveliest poetry: it confronts us with a simplicity that is anything but facile, and whose understatement allows the unspoken and ineffable its utmost resonance.

Randall Jarrell: 1914-1965 Ed. by Robert Lowell, Peter Taylor & Robert Penn Warren (Farrar, Straus & Giroux $6.50) is a collection of tributes to another important and prematurely dead poet. These essays, poems, and reminiscences are as varying in quality as in length; but even the meagerest ray refracted by that dazzling prism that was Jarrell—poet, critic, essayist, novelist, teacher, editor, translator, writer of children's books (and complex in each capacity)—emerges as a prodigality of colored lights. What breathes from this book is an intellectual fierceness such as this flabby age could ill afford to lose so soon, but whose achievements and endeavers should be of continued, though posthumous, benefit.

D. J. Enright's *Conspirators and Poets* (Dufuor, $5.95) is an essential collection of critical essays and reviews. Modern English, American and German authors are most frequently examined by this judicious, urbane, enchantingly lively mind, but other subjects, from Shakespeare to Sade, from Svevo to Malayan writers, are likewise engaged with easy-going penetrancy. If there can

THE WILD QUEEN

by George Brandon Saul

a semi-historical tale of medieval Ireland,
its heroine the legendary beauty Gormflaith,
tempestuous wife to three successive kings
illustrated with block prints

Order Through Your Local Bookstore $3.95

JOHN F. BLAIR, Publisher, Winston-Salem, N. C.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

be such a thing as literary criticism of the most responsible sort that is of equal interest to scholars and only slightly above-average readers, this is it. The fact that Enright is also a notable poet is not irrelevant: these essays have the aptness and daintiness of expression that are the prerogatives of the poet-critic.

It is hard to say anything in brief about the sprawling energies of James Dickey. Even his unsuccessful efforts, and *Poems 1957-1967* (Wesleyan, $6.95) contains quite a few, have a vitality and effervescence, a gladdening unwillingness to lie flat on the page. But at his best, this is one of our most untrammeled, irrepressible, yet never formless poets; one who is open to the largeness of life as much as to its detail, who is neither a lucubrator nor afflicted with logorrhea, neither too private nor too public. In Dickey's poetry, the country and the city coexist in the most mutually fructifying manner, and even his preciosities are never effete. I place Dickey squarely above Lowell.

As it happens, my four favorites this year were all books by or about poets, though written, with one exception, in prose. This may be coincidence, or it may merely illustrate my predilections. On the other hand, it may indicate who, nowadays, is writing the best English prose.

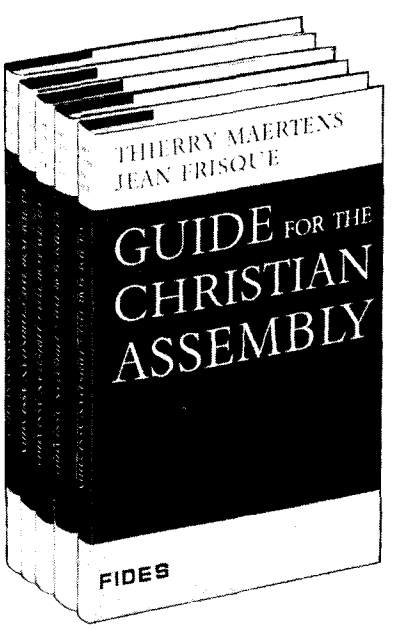
MARTIN TUCKER

Why Are We In Vietnam? By Norman Mailer. (G. P. Putnam's, $4.95) Mailer's new novel is a piece of symphonic jazz. I don't understand all the notes, or the reasons behind some of the synchronizations, but I love the sound of it, and I know what all the jazz means. The novel is a narrative of two adolescents who work through a series of frenzied adventures in the hot, snaky anger of Texas to a maturing experience on a bear hunt in the Alaskan wilds. Father and son are at loggerheads in the icy wilderness. One because he lies to keep his illusions, his dreams; the son, because he refuses to build or cross the bridge between generations. The son burns those bridges before he crosses them because he sees them as paths that *lie* between rationalizations that have lost their direction. The description of the bear hunt is magnificent on two levels—as a piece of lyric realism, and as a parody of the sentimentality of bull-dog masculinity. The violence of the language matches the violence of the milieu in which the adolescents grow up, and mirror the boys' reactions and defenses to that violence. In his use of expletives and his flights to the cursery, Mailer poses the answer to the title of his novel.

Variety Photoplays. By Edward Field. (Grove, $1.95) If Mailer is violent and honest, Edward Field is sweet and honest. His second book of poems reveals again his idealization of adolescence. Mailer attacks what he sees as a corruption of youth. Field sings the praises of what he considers uncorrupted youth. These virtues are connected with dreams and yearnings, and brave encounters with the adult world. The poet is wistful but never naive; he regains the child-like laughter that went along with happy-ending movies; memories of his grandparents' horrendous escape from Eastern Europe and hopeful journey to the tenements of New York; and tiny flowers that bloomed against the concrete of the Empire City. Field's poems have the flavor of Jewish urbia, particularly in his large number of poems recreating the joy of movies. Joan Crawford, Paul Muni, Frankenstein, The Cat Woman, and May Caspar (a name for all the forgotten, aging movie queens left adrift in dingy side-street hotels), all appear in gentle light. The sadness of life is present, but underneath the sadness is the will to survive. Quietly, obstinately, wittily, the poems sing. Oscar Wilde said, "Nature follows art." Field seems to be saying that people reflect movies, and the film is what cannot be torn away, it is underneath the skin. He says it in a charming and adroit manner, and with technical finesse.

FIDES BOOKS

Meeting the needs of contemporary Christianity



GUIDE for the CHRISTIAN ASSEMBLY

5 volumes, over 1,100 pages, indexed for quick reference to all the principal Masses and liturgical celebrations of the Church year. ***Thierry Maertens and Jean Frisque — $5.45 per volume***

GUIDE FOR THE CHRISTIAN ASSEMBLY
— A background book of the Mass —
This detailed and authoritative series of 5 volumes presents all Masses for Sundays and major feasts for the entire liturgical year in terms of the essential meaning of each day's lessons, a liturgical analysis, an explanation of the biblical themes, and a statement of the doctrinal content of each Mass. It enables the reader to penetrate the significance of the liturgical celebration in order to convey it in the homily and commentary for the day's Mass.

BIBLE THEMES — a source book — 2 volumes, 450 indexed scriptural themes with pertinent biblical citations. Also, an alphabetical index by subjects, and a liturgical index which permits a quick orientation on the themes contained in a particular Mass. ***Thierry Maertens — 2 volume set in slip case $16.95***

Thoughtful gifts for every priest called upon to give his people week after week the homily which to be truly liturgical must be truly biblical.

FIDES PUBLISHERS, INC.
NOTRE DAME, INDIANA 46556

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Photo by B. Martin, Time Inc.

Phyllis McGinley

A WREATH OF

Christmas Legends

Picking presents that please is a talent—and doing it early a boon. This beautiful book of verse, joyously illustrated by Leonard Weisgard, "should be the best of all Christmas gift books."

—LOUIS UNTERMEYER.

Think how many people on your Christmas list would enjoy it. *(Why not make a list now?)* $3.95

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

866 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022

PITTSBURGH, PA.

KIRNER's

Catholic Book Store

Pittsburgh 22, Pennsylvania

309 Market Street

Phone: CO 1-2326 and 1-2327

Give

Commonweal

for Christmas

Return coupon from page 306

YOUNG IN THE SPIRIT OF CHRIST

HOLY CROSS BROTHERS

Teaching • Foreign Missions • Social Work

Office Work • Technical Trades

(High school graduation required)

COME ALIVE WITH HOLY CROSS BROTHERS

Please send vocation literature to me: CW

Name_____ Age_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

.....Send your request to one of these addresses.....

Brother Donald Hanzel, C.S.C.
St. Edward's University
Austin, Texas 78704

Brother John Lavelle, C.S.C.
Holy Cross Junior College
Notre Dame, Indiana 46556

The Odd Tales of Irene Orgel. By Irene Orgel. (Eakins Press, $4.95) This is the first book of Irene Orgel, who has been publishing fiction, criticism and poetry in a wide range of magazines. Her collection of short stories has its number of "odd" people, but most of the stories concern bewildered human beings who turn to the fey when reasonableness seems insane to them. In "Jonah," she creates a laughing parable between a patient and his analyst, and Jonah and God. Jonah was secure inside the whale, but God told him he had to bolt. The patient too bolts from the security of his analyst's room. In one of the "Four Odd Tales," a man seeks a solution to the problem of getting rid of an unwanted mistress; a sorcerer tells him to protest undying love; the charm works. In another of the four odd tales, a knight kills the dragon who has imprisoned the beautiful princess. The princess is distraught and demands he get her another dragon, for dragons are all she has known and she will not know how to live without one. The plaintive wit of Miss Orgel is fascinating.

Arrow of God. By Chinua Achebe. (John Day, $5.50) This is the third novel of a distinguished Nigerian writer; the book, just recently published here, was first published in 1964 in London. Achebe tells the story of a tribal chieftain who opposes the bureaucratic arrogance of British colonial administrators. The chief is humiliated by the British overseer, and in prideful anger refuses to give the blessing to the annual haring, the crop cannot be harvested, and his people begin to feel the effects of starvation. The tragic irony is underscored when the chief's favorite son dies shortly afterwards; the chief takes his death as a punishment for his own overbearing pride. At the end of the novel, the chief has lost the allegiance of his people, and the traditions of the tribe are disintegrating. Achebe's strength lies in his compassionate rendering of a classically tragic situation: the best men, because of their character, cannot compromise. Achebe presents the conflict simply and poignantly.

CRITICS

DENNIS HALE *teaches political science at Brooklyn College and is an editor of* The Activist.

RICHARD HAYES *is a member of the faculty in the Drama Department at New York University.*

SAUL MALOFF *is books editor at* Newsweek *and author of the forthcoming novel,* Happy Families *(Scribners).*

MARTIN E. MARTY *is an associate editor of* The Christian Century *and the author of* The Place of Bonhoeffer *(Association Press).*

ALICE MAYHEW *is an editor with a major New York publishing house.*

BERNARD MURCHLAND *is the editor of* The Meaning of the Death of God *(Random House).*

JOHN SIMON *is Commonweal's drama critic. His most recent book is* Private Screenings *(Macmillan).*

MARTIN TUCKER *is the author of* Africa in Modern Literature *and an associate professor of English at Long Island University.*

ANNE FREMANTLE, *well-known as an author, anthologist and critic, is the editor of* The Age of Belief.

ANNE FREMANTLE

Titania: The life of Isak Dinesen. By Parmenia Migel. (Random House, $8.95) This is one of the best biographies of this or any year. A first book which is admirably constructed, truthful, and beautifully documented and illustrated. The life of star-crossed Isak Dinesen, one of the century's great stylists, was both tragic and splendid. A great book about a great person.

No Man's Time. By V. Yanofsky. (Weybright & Talley, $4.95) An extraordinary novel about a lost heir, Bruno, that is a voyage into an imaginary landscape as real as it is maddening and astonishing. A most unusual novel with a preface by W. H. Auden.

People in Glass Houses. By Shirley

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Hazzard. (Knopf, $4.95) This account from within of the United Nations Organization is brilliant and bitter-sweet. In eight chapters, which first appeared in the *New Yorker*, it is sophisticated, sad, and superbly written.

The Peach Stone: Stories from Four Decades. By Paul Horgan. (Farrar, Straus, $5.95) These stories, dealing with youth to maturity, are a flowering of one of the most perfect stylists writing in English. They are exquisitely done with a sensitivity that in each story finds the heart of the matter.

CORRESPONDENCE

(Continued from page 289)

churchmen, like other citizens, differ in their judgments about Vietnam. And since those who differ with Mr. Brown's assessment are not likely to accept the analogy with Hitler's Germany, its value would seem to be limited.

2. Mr. Brown says that "Mr. Johnson's *policy* is also *Mr. Johnson's* policy." Agreed, but if we were to attempt to see how that policy was formed, the responsibility would be more difficult to distribute than Mr. Brown implies.

3. Mr. Brown's suggestion that the churches should support specific candidates is appalling. It indicates how readily, in moments of crisis, we discount those vast political virtues we possess as a people. Mr. Brown asks if it is inconceivable that bishops would say that Catholics could not vote for Johnson. It is nearly inconceivable and it would certainly be preposterous. Such an act would becloud the issue of the political importance of the voice of a bishop, an issue which is becoming increasingly clarified.

The alternative is not political quietism. The alternative is to have everyone, including churchmen, exercise his political responsibility and speak out on particular issues when he is compelled to do so. At times, by virtue of the office he holds, more authority will attach to his words than their wisdom would dictate, but that is an inevitable risk. And if some churchmen wish to act collectively, the option is open to them.

To clear away some possible misunderstanding, let me say that I am a longtime admirer of Robert McAfee Brown and most of his works and that I share his over-all assessment of the war in Vietnam. But with his religio-political analysis I part company. JAMES FINN

Church and Sect

Manchester, N.H.

To the Editors: Daniel Callahan's suggestion of a Church-Sect union inevitably raises the parallel with the modern secular world: the current political aspiration for the fulfillment of the federal principle on the international level. . . . If federalism continues to be the herald for a new era, would it not be a joy to have the Church accept the lead for a change! . . . Has our modern principle of the separation of Church and State, its practical necessity notwithstanding, led us into the acceptance of exaggerated views about the secularity of the state structure and the sanctity of the ecclesiastical one?

JOHN WINDHAUSEN
St. Anselm's College

Evanston, Ill.

To the Editors: Daniel Callahan's suggestion for the solution of the church-sect problem (Nov. 3) is intriguing, if hardly original. As I recall, John Wesley, among moderns, once moved in a similar direction and we are familiar with what happened . . . I can hardly believe he quite meant to write, however, that a person in a smaller sect within the Church could there "be as fanatical, exclusive and messianic as he pleased." My impression is that we have enough of all that already without enjoying what are presumed to be the prophetic and cleansing attributes of the sect.

DAVID A. JONES

Staten Island, N.Y.

To the Editors: Daniel Callahan's article, "Church and Sect" (Nov. 3), must unfortunately take its place in a long bibliography of materials devoted to the inadequacy of the Troeltschian typology of religious organizations. Although he

Personal Gifts for Personal Tastes

You can't please everyone, but you can try to relate specific books to specific tastes:

For those seriously concerned with the renewal in the Church, nothing could be better than **The Catholic Avant-Garde** ($5.95), **by J.-M. Domenach and R. Montvalon.** This is a brilliant presentation of the French Catholic generation from World War II to the present, with statements from the battle lines by Teilhard, Mounier, Congar, Chenu, Marrou, Perrin, DeLubac, *et al.* Michael Novak calls it "a desperately needed and beautifully wrought book."

For those who might appreciate having a dash of cold water thrown on the radical theologians, there is **E. L. Mascall's The Secularization of Christianity** ($6.00), "a major work, a model of closely reasoned, carefully written, and convincingly presented argumentation." — *America.*

For those willing to confront the realities of racism, poverty, and war, nothing is more on target than **William Stringfellow's Dissenter in a Great Society** ($4.95). Dan Callahan calls Stringfellow "one of the most forceful Christian protestors in America. . . . The whole book hurts." — *The New York Times Book Review.*

For those with a sense of humor, the best news is **David Lodge's** "irresistible" *(America)* comic novel, **The British Museum is Falling Down** ($3.95), about a Catholic graduate student living with the ghastly anxiety of having a fourth child. Graham Greene finds it "very funny, and very important at the present time."

As for **Love and Sexuality: A Christian Approach** ($4.95) **by Mary Perkins Ryan and John Julian Ryan,** Father George H. Hagmaier, C.S.P., says it "will serve many groups well – lay and religious, married and single, young and old; in fact, all who see themselves in the essential human role of an 'apprentice in the art of loving.'" That covers most of one's Christmas list!

From your bookseller, or

Holt, Rinehart and Winston, Inc.
383 Madison Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10017

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Recent Publications

Vatican II Council—Its Challenge to Education
edited by George F. Donovan, Ph. D.
Examination of American education in the light of Vatican Council II.
LC 67-28294 *Paperbound $2.95*
182 pp., bibliog., index

Law And the Liberal Arts
edited by Albert Broderick, O. P.
The relationship of liberal arts and law in contemporary society, and the introduction of law and society themes in undergraduate liberal arts programs.
LC 67-20479 *Paperbound $6.50*
229 pp., bibliog., index

The Second Ralliement: The Rapprochement Between Church And State in France in the Twentieth Century
by Harry W. Paul, Ph. D.
This brilliant study deals with the relations of the Catholic Church and French state since 1905.
LC 67-14435 *Clothbound $8.50*
234 pp., bibliog., index

Religious Education And the State: Democracy Finds a Way
by Sr. M. Raymond McLaughlin, O. S. B.
Legislative provisions for public aid in church-related schools in ten nations. Indicates how the perplexing problem of Federal aid can be resolved in the United States.
LC 67-21368 *439 pp., bibliog.* *Paperbound $4.95*

The Catholic University of America Press
620 Michigan Avenue, N. E.
Washington, D. C. 20017

Educational

INDIANA

Saint Mary's College Notre Dame

Fully accredited liberal arts college for women. Degrees: B.A., B.S., B.F.A., B. Music. Interdepartmental Christianity & Culture Program. Academic exchange program with University of Notre Dame. Conducted by the Sisters of the Holy Cross. Graduate School of Education for men and women. Catalog:
Saint Mary's College
Box 71, Notre Dame, Indiana 46556

NEW JERSEY

Delbarton School

Morristown, New Jersey. An hour's drive from the George Washington Bridge or Holland Tunnel. A country day and boarding school for boys conducted by Benedictine Monks. Six forms, comprising the 7th and 8th grades and four years of college preparatory courses. Small classes. Thorough guidance department. Complete athletic program. Write for prospectus to the Headmaster.

finds that the scheme offers possibilities for insight, ultimately he is forced to conclude that it does not order all the data. Perhaps, unlike many others, he has chosen the wiser course in settling for the dilemma and in thus resisting the temptation to multiply types. Nevertheless, I have taken the other alternative and was forced to conclude upon analyzing the same data, that the typology lacked completion precisely because Troeltsch had no examples of development *beyond* "church."

Mr. Callahan may have found a clue in the "religious reform-ecclesiastical reform" distinction of Osborne's to which James O'Gara refers in the pages immediately preceding Mr. Callahan's remarks. It seems to me that the understanding of Christianity articulated in the Council's *Constitution on the Church* raises our sights to the possibility of a new stage of religious development, which may be called "religion." As Callahan notes, this new stage incorporates characteristics of "sect" and those of "church." Unlike the origins of a sect, however, this new form represents the effort of an entire church to propose for itself the kind of commitment to ideals, voluntariety of membership, common participation in priestly charisma and function, and prophetism, while elaborating this into a universal, secularly-engaged and relevant, united (though not uniform), sacramental "structure." Beginning under the charismatic leadership of Pope John, the new form emphasizes Spirit and mystery as identifying principles, is eschatologically oriented, concerned with the poor, and devoted to the prophetic ideal rather than to institutional elements. Probably the closest parallel is a "movement" which comprises varying degrees of commitment and participation around an organizational core, but whose thrust is evident.

To view the scope of church transformation (this becomes the apt word, in place of "renewal") is at once exhilarating and unnerving. Those caught by the spirit of development will find themselves with new, broader horizons, filled with a whole new set of questions and possibilities. Those who are not open to this kind of development will be unnerved because they will be trapped in the malaise of limited possibilities which Mr. Callahan describes, however well-intentioned they may be. We are faced, then, with an agonizing set of questions: Can the church move beyond itself? Is the institution capable of burying itself so that the greater reality can arise? Will the new stage remain purely theoretical? We face the twofold danger of a lack of determination (or is it faith?) to make the vision a reality, and of the constant desire to so institutionalize the steps toward transformation that Christianity will slip back into "church." There is a growing concern among many that we need not fear the latter, because the former danger is steadily stifling the life we have just begun to enjoy. I pray that there is still room to hope that the word of the Spirit in the Council can take flesh in a secular Christianity which will be the fulfillment of the incarnational process.

(REV.) PHILIP J. MURNION

Quo Vadis?

Philadelphia, Pa.

To the Editors: Mr. Buckley has written with thunderous magnificence and lavish vocabulary straight to the hearts of those whose arteries are hardening and who approach the evening of life. The men trained in Jesuit and Benedictine prep schools, the women by the Ladies of the Sacred Heart, the Georgetown Visitation, even the Sisters of Notre Dame de Namur, in the use of the missal, the great private prayer of the Mass. . . .

I must face the evening of my life and alas! there will be no convent of French nuns to chant the office, and ring bells, to guard my senility. They will be graduate doctors, trained in psychoanalysis, and we must be existentialists. They may teach us the guitar, and Sister Corita will have an influence. They can bus us to protest marches. . . . It's all gone Mr. Buckley—not even the parish High Mass at 11. The Eucharist? What will happen to it? The Pope? . . . Our kind will keep saying Holy Ghost instead of Holy Spirit; thee and thou will come to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

our lips at any moment. But the young tell me they are not going to throw us out. . . . CONSTANCE O'HARA

Carlisle, Pa.

To the Editors: William Buckley's characteristically rapier-sharp, button-cute defense of the "inscrutable majesty" and "archaic grandeur" of the Latin Mass (Nov. 10) doesn't sound terribly convincing. . . . Buckley, like the two other antiquarians (Belloc and Waugh) he cites approvingly, errs in equating mystery with mystification and claiming obscurity as the goal of worship. As an Anglican ("innocent Protestant"), I am obliged to assist at Mass at an Episcopal church, but what I have seen of the new Roman Rite vastly impresses me with its heightened meaningfulness, involvement and dignity. . . . Next year, with the approval of the hierarchy, we shall start experimenting with a shorter, more luminous Mass. If, in consequence, I develop a nostalgia for the stately Elizabethan prose of the Prayer Book, like Buckley's for the Latin of the Missal, we can both retire to Three Rivers, Michigan, where the (Roman) Mass continues to be said in Latin, every day of the year, by the (Anglican) Benedictine Fathers. DR. H. W. GLEASON, JR.

Miami, Fla.

To the Editors: . . . The new English Canon is about as inspiring as a grocery list and equally without majesty. I do not complain because it is in English, however; I merely complain because it is lacking in poetry. . . . CHRIS MAC GILL

Camden, N.Y.

To the Editors: . . . There are, of course, many extremes today as the liturgy struggles again toward a unity which seemed so desirable to the Bill Buckleys of the Church but, despite his reservations to the contrary, I am deeply convinced that literally hundreds of thousands of Mass goers, formerly too illiterate or indifferent to read a Missal are for the first time discovering what the Mass is all about as they catch occasional snatches of the Mass prayers booming over the public address system in the vernacular.

It seems equally as silly to expect people to understand the Latin Mass as it would be to expect them to read Horace in the original Latin or the Anabasis in Greek. The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass was instituted by Christ as a simple breaking of bread and disposition of wine to meet the needs of *all* people and not just the ivy league crowd. ALMON G. FARNSWORTH

Mistaken Identity

Washington, D.C.

To the Editors: Father Frederic M. Cameron (Correspondence, Nov. 10) criticizes a speech which I am alleged to have made at the Washington rally of Clergy and Laity last January. Who—me? I not only didn't attend the rally to which he refers; I wasn't even in Washington that day. No harm done. It's just another case of mistaken identity. Such is life.

RT. REV. MSGR. GEORGE G. HIGGINS
Director, Social Action Dept.
U.S. Catholic Conference

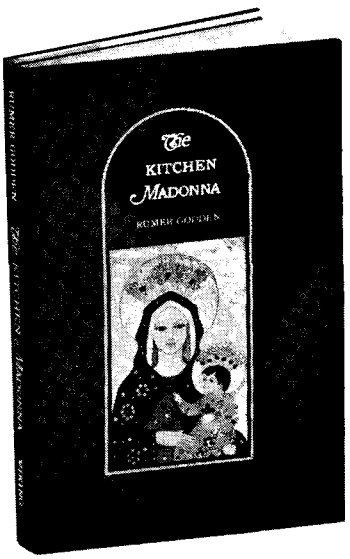
searching
strong
compassionate

GOD HAVE MERCY
A life of John Fisher
by Michael Macklem

St. John Fisher was beheaded in 1535 as a traitor for denying that the King was supreme head of the Church. Here, in a superb new life based entirely on the original documents, he is seen for the first time as a man whose living and dying have universal significance. $6.25

oberon press
box 1245 station b ottawa canada

A gift book for all seasons and all ages!



THE KITCHEN MADONNA
by Rumer Godden

Translator of
Prayers from the Ark
and The Creatures' Choir

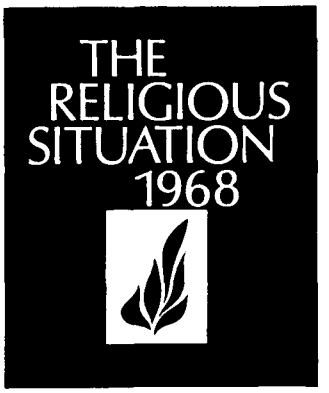
With her great talent for portraying the very special world of children, Rumer Godden has written a poignant story about an aloof, self-centered boy who, by an act of loving-kindness, discovers the joy of sharing.

Marta, the maid in a fine London house was unhappy that her sparkling, modern kitchen had no "good place"—no little shrine with a picture of Our Lady and the Holy Child. How nine-year-old Gregory creates such a picture, despite difficulties and disappointments, is the heart of this simple, but irresistibly moving story. Six full-color illustrations by CAROL BARKER. $3.75

THE VIKING PRESS
625 Madison Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10022

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Next April there'll be a
new way of looking at many crucial issues which will affect the lives of your children . . . your friends . . . your colleagues . . . your congregation . . . your students!



THE RELIGIOUS SITUATION: 1968

58 outstanding writers from varied faiths and disciplines analyze and discuss the massive, often-hidden impact of "the religious situation" on the affairs of men and society.

The first of a series of annual volumes — Publication Date: April 15, 1968 • 768 Pages • Donald R. Cutler, Ph.D., Editor • Price: $15.00

•SAVE $5.10 BY ORDERING NOW AT $9.90 PREPUBLICATION PRICE

- Use this unprecedented book as your thoughtful Christmas gift to friends you respect most. List their names on form at right and Beacon will *promptly* send attractive greeting cards for each of them, announcing and describing your forthcoming gift — and will ship the books directly to them in your behalf next April.
- Also check at bottom of order form if you'd like quantity discount information regarding use of this provocative book in organizational study or discussion programs.
- A limited number of unbound teacher-examination copies will be available before publication — *only* to college teachers clearly specifying the nature of the course for which they are considering adopting this very useful book.

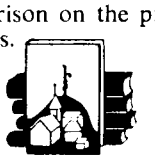
CONTENTS AND CONTRIBUTORS

I. INTRODUCTORY - Reinhold Niebuhr and Martin Marty discuss the interaction of religion and secular affairs — and the new religious perspective which is changing Man's outlook.

II. THE EXPERIENCE AND EXPRESSION OF RELIGION Michael Novak on "The New Relativism" . . . Richard L. Rubenstein on the Jews . . . Robert N. Bellah on "Civil Religion" . . . Ralph Potter on abortion . . . Arthur Dyck on population control . . . Thomas F. O'Dea on "The Catholic Crisis" . . . David L. Brewer on the Mormons . . . Emil G. Fackenheim on idolatry . . . Vincent Harding on "Black Power" . . . Richard Shelly Hartigan on urban riots as guerrilla warfare . . . Gonzalo Castillo-Cardenas and Eduardo Gonzalez on Christianity and Latin American social progress . . . John Carman on India . . . Allen Lacy on Marshall McLuhan . . . Robert Hoyt on "The Ecumenical Revolution" . . . Robert Bobilin on Japan . . . with lively commentaries by a variety of enlightened critics.

III. INTERPRETIVE RESOURCES FOR DEFINING THE RELIGIOUS DIMENSION Clifford Geertz on "Religion as a Cultural System" — with a thoughtful response from Talcott Parsons . . . Papers on ritualism by Erik Erikson, Sir Julian Huxley, Edward Shils, H. J. Blackham, William Lynch, Nikita Struve, and John Fetterman . . . Philip Slater on "Religious Processes in Group Training" . . . Joseph Campbell and Huston Smith on secularization and transcendence.

IV. SOCIAL INDICATORS OF THE RELIGIOUS SITUATION Edwin S. Gaustad offers a statistical profile of "America's Institutions of Faith" . . . Guy Swanson compares varied types of data on religious vitality in modern society . . . Jack Mendelsohn discusses the Guild of St. Ives report on taxation of church property . . . Dmitry Konstantinov assesses Russia's younger generation . . . William C. Fletcher, Max Stackhouse, and Norman Birnbaum on Christianity behind the Iron Curtain . . . Paul Harrison on the professional status of ministers, priests, and rabbis.

BEACON PRESS  **BOSTON 02108**

Use this Order Form now to SAVE 34% on one of the most thoughtful Christmas gifts you've ever sent

To: BEACON PRESS, Dept. 29
25 Beacon St., Boston, Mass. 02108

Please send me immediately 1967 Christmas gift cards for each of the people listed below, announcing and describing my gift to each of them of a forthcoming copy of THE RELIGIOUS SITUATION: 1968 — which Beacon will ship directly to each of them (postage prepaid) next April.

I enclose $_____ ($9.90 per copy ordered).

Please confirm this order.

Your Name and Address

_____

_____

_____ ZIP _____

( ) Check here if you've also included $9.90 for your own copy of THE RELIGIOUS SITUATION: 1968, to be shipped in April to the address you've listed above.

SEND CARDS AND GIFT BOOKS TO:

Name _____

_____

_____ Zip _____

SEND CARDS AND GIFT BOOKS TO:

Name _____

_____

_____ Zip _____

SEND CARDS AND GIFT BOOKS TO:

Name _____

_____

_____ Zip _____

SEND CARDS AND GIFT BOOKS TO:

Name _____

_____

_____ Zip _____

(This offer expires Dec. 15, 1967)

( ) Check here if you would like to receive (without obligation) information on quantity discounts to nonprofit organizations wishing to use THE RELIGIOUS SITUATION in their discussion, study, or training programs.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED